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AONIO PALEARIO:

A CHAPTER IN THE

History of the Italian Reformation.

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IN THE

History of the Italian Reformation.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. BONNET.

LONDON :

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,

56, PATERNOSTER ROW; 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD; & 164, PICCADILLY;
AND THE BOOKSELLERS.

1864.

~~200. u. 65.~~ Digitized by Google
210. g. 562.



LONDON:
WILLIAM STEVENS, PRINTER, 37, BELL YARD,
TEMPLE BAR.

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PREFACE.

THE author of this sketch was returning, a few years ago, from a journey of historical research in the south of Italy. He had quitted Naples with a heart full of sadness; and neither the picturesque beauties of the Abruzzi, nor the brilliancy of an enchanting sky, nor the noble hospitality of Monte Cassino, where the tradition of St. Benedict is revived and associated with the most generous aspirations of the present day, could make him forget the spectacle of a population bowed down under the yoke of ignorance and misery, of a religion degraded by the miracle of St. Januarius. Beyond Aquino, the native country of the Angelic Doctor of the Middle Ages,* and Garigliano, the ancient Liris, which on this side is still the limit of the Roman States, the road winds across slightly undulating plateaus, which are commanded on the east by the chain of Monte Velino.

* Thomas Aquinas.

Nothing can be more majestic than the mountains which separate Alatri from Sora, one of the dens of Italian brigandage. On their slopes a city may be seen pictured against the sky by the rays of the setting sun, whose name is little known, yet it awakens an echo in my memory. This is Veroli, the birthplace of Paleario.

The appearance of this city plunged me into a reverie, in which the men and things of the past were mingled with the melancholy impressions of the present, and with confused hopes for the future. I felt myself transported, as by enchantment, into that Italy of the sixteenth century, in which, by study, I had lived; to those days of the Renaissance, when holy men, the honour of the Catholic church—Sadoletto, Contarini, and Giberti—sighed for a renovation which bolder men called by the name of Reformation, and were to seal with their blood. It would be a noble history that of the reformatory efforts, too soon suppressed, in the Peninsula. Who will relate it worthily? Who can call up, by science or by art, some of the great figures around which might be grouped the memories of Italian Protestantism—Valdez, Ochino, Peter Martyr, Curione, and the illustrious princess who made the court of Ferrara a centre of evangelical revival, of which the purest rays were concentrated on Olympia Morata? The task is difficult; and, notwithstanding the labours

of Schellhorn, of Gerdes, of McCrie, notwithstanding the noble book of Leopold Ranke on the Papacy, almost all still remains to be done in a path which is now open to the free investigation of learning. How many secrets have been buried in the archives of Florence and of Venice ; in the Farnese collections, the seals of which have been broken by the revolution in Naples ; in the manuscripts of the Vatican, carried at the time of the first empire to Paris, and from which, as yet, only a few insignificant extracts have been made. His Eminence, Cardinal Antonelli, whose kind interposition I can never remember without gratitude, permitted me to glean a few ears, the first fruits of the rich harvests reserved for the future. I have been for more than ten years employed in collecting materials for a history of Renée of France, Duchess of Ferrara, regarding her life as the framework of a complete and well-considered sketch of the destinies of the Italian Reformation during the sixteenth century. I have not been able to resist the temptation of retracing separately an episode of the history, which naturally detached itself, and the charm of which enticed me. Why can I not hope to make this interest contagious ? There are some emotions which one believes irresistible because we have felt them keenly ourselves. I do not say that, perhaps, I have not yielded more than was expedient

to this feeling. Yet the illusion which mingles with it is still a benefit, for it has invested with a charm the arduous labours, the dry and minute researches which are required by every endeavour to reconstruct a period which is no more. The difficulties of such an enterprise cannot be measured by its extent. The history of a soul is worth that of an empire. The humblest of monographs affords us a glimpse into the infinite.

Whatever may be the fate of this book, I owe to it some of the best recollections of my life. Independently of the pleasure which one feels in forming a friendship with a select personage, who transports you into an ideal region, how can I forget the hours I passed in the libraries of Rome and of Florence, and among the archives of the Medici, classified with so much intelligence and taste by M. Francesco Bonaini? How can I remember without regret my pleasant excursions to Colle and to San Gimignano? With the letters of Paleario in my hand, I have visited all the places where he lived—Siena, Lucca, and Milan—and I have followed his last footsteps in the sorrowful way to the dungeon of *Tordinona*, on the bridge of St. Angelo. The destiny of historical personages ought not to be separated from the scenes where they lived. Without entering into obscure details, or inexplicable peculiarities that may be found in every correspondence, and that can only be

understood in the places where the writers lived, there are invisible but real bonds, mysterious harmonies between man and nature. The historian cannot refuse to acknowledge these without altering the physiognomy of his hero. If the soul which you endeavour to revive has been great and pure, it imprints a touching and hallowed memory on all with which it has been associated here below. It is, as it were, a reflex of its own immortality.

These considerations sufficiently indicate the intimate and serious character of a biography, which is connected by so many ties with general history, and yet is not foreign to the most important questions of the present day. Amid the vicissitudes, often so sad, through which a sister nation is passing, now endeavouring to assert her independence, and to constitute her unity on the ruins of the institutions of another age, what heart has not been touched, and has not repeated with anguish, yet with hope, the cry of the poet: "Italiam! Italiam!"

If this Study, consecrated to an Italian martyr of the sixteenth century, sometimes recalls to mind the difficult problems proposed in our day, which so urgently demand a solution, this is not by a fortuitous coincidence, or by an arbitrary connexion, but from the irresistible logic of facts. History is a witness whose evidence none

can refuse. For many centuries Italy has not ceased to suffer from the evils which have sprung from the Roman theocracy, and to expect a liberator. The dream of Arnold of Brescia, and of Dante, was also that of Paleario.

[This work has been translated and published under a special arrangement with the Author.]

AONIO PALEARIO.

CHAPTER I.

YOUTH OF PALEARIO.

IN the abode of one of the most noble families of Florence, not far from the Pitti Palace and all its marvels of art, there stands a monument consecrated to the memory of a man, whose name, celebrated in the days of the Renaissance, but since forgotten, scarcely wakes up an echo now in the world of learning. This man, born (so to say) with the age of the Medici, brought up in the twofold school of sacred and profane antiquity, and loved by his most illustrious contemporaries,—Sadoletto, Bembo, Maffei, who admire his talents without suspecting his opinions,—is associated at first with them in those paths of literary reform, of which he himself supplies one of the most ingenious and elegant representatives. He comments on Cicero, refutes Lucretius, and propagates in the Universities of Tuscany a generous

intellectualism, which it might be hard to distinguish from the inspiration of a free and Christian faith. When the Reformation, preached triumphantly at Wittemberg and Zurich, crosses for the first time the barrier of the Alps, and assails Catholic doctrine in its most august sanctuary, he writes a book breathing the aspirations of the new faith, the unheard of success of which will speedily mark him out for the rigours of the Inquisition. Quitting thenceforward the paths of learning for that of the apostolate, he dreams of a church purified, of a reform without a schism, of the regeneration of Italy by the gospel and by freedom. Serious enmities threaten him. He passes successively from Siena to Lucca, from Lucca to Milan, everywhere prosecuting his generous design; and, that nothing may be wanting to mark his destiny, he is cited before the tribunal of the Holy Office, and dies at the stake, in the pontificate of Pius V.

On all these grounds, the history of Paleario deserves, in our opinion, to be written afresh. The lessons which it involves, while they are useful at all times, borrow a special interest from contemporary events. Whatever the result, whether Italy, left to herself, and inaugurating her new destinies under the auspices of freedom, adopt or reject the faith of Paleario, she at least must recognise in him one of her

worthiest children. Upon the forehead of the scholar and the poet, who was also a martyr, are conspicuous all the signs of that moral elevation, without which there is no true greatness. If three centuries of oblivion have passed over his memory, it lives anew at the present day, thanks to the breath of the gospel, which, from the Alps to the Sicilian Sea, appears to be re-awakening the Peninsula. It consoled the Madiari in a dungeon, and the Guicciardini and the Mazzarellas in exile. And the book *De Beneficio Christi*, rising anew (so to say) from the ashes of the stake, repeats once more to the souls of men that message of salvation which brings freedom alike to individuals and to nations. That oracle of the past, which history loves to question, never has a better claim to be heard, than when it recalls great lessons sealed in the end by a sacrifice, and thus teaches us at the same time how both to live and to die well.

In the country of the ancient Hernici, in the centre of the mountains which separate the Roman Campagna from the valley of Lake Fucino, in the old Pelasgic city of Veroli, there was born, about the year 1503, the man who was destined to represent, not without glory, one of the most interesting phases of the Italian Renaissance in the sixteenth century. Traditions are not agreed respecting his origin. According to some, he was descended from a noble family, which had

bestowed on the church several eminent prelates, and had given a prince—Ferdinando de San-Severino—to the city of Salerno. According to others, Paleario owed his birth to a family of simple artisans, who had come to Veroli from the borders of Camerino, and he received the name of Antonio della Paglia, in remembrance of the village of Pagliara, where his ancestors had dwelt. This name, from a literary caprice, he afterwards exchanged for that of Aonio Paleario.* Without attaching to this question more importance than it deserves, it is certain that a letter from the Prince of Salerno to Paleario contains presumptive evidence of the nobility of his family; and this belief exists in Veroli to this day.†

His childhood was passed in obscurity, marked by an enthusiastic love of nature, and a kind of religious veneration for his parents, who left him an orphan at an early age. It is with the deepest emotion that he speaks of his mother, Chiara Gianarilla, a woman of exalted mind and spotless virtue; of his father, Matteo, who, being unable personally to superintend the educa-

* The name of Paleario has been best known in Italy, and in adopting it in this sketch we are only conforming to common usage.

† *Noticia havuta da Veroli*, a Sienese manuscript. See also Vincenzo Martelli, *Lettere*, pp. 26—30; and the Bandini MSS. from the Maruccelli library in Florence.

tion of his son, confided him to the care of John Martelli, one of his countrymen. In after years, Paleario, reminding Martelli of this, addressed him in these touching words:—"Do you think that I have forgotten all that you were to me when, a very little child, I was led to you by my father, who was thankful to find a friend to take his place with his young family? Your kindness has been necessary to me from my earliest childhood. There is no one in the world to whom I owe more than to you."*

The remembrance of Martelli was associated in the heart of Paleario with that of another benefactor of his youth, Bishop Ennio Philonardi (afterwards invested with the Roman purple), whose counsels and protection he never sought in vain. The young Paleario was worthy of the favour of the prelate, as much on account of his talents as of his character. Pious, earnest, naturally appreciating all things good and beautiful, and with a poetic imagination, he was peculiarly sensitive to the recital of great actions; and, among the records of glory or virtue, his enthusiasm was especially excited by the heroes of Greece and Rome, whose names are constantly mentioned in his discourses. One cir-

* "Tua mihi a pueritia necessaria benevolentia fuit. Ego cui plus quam tibi debeam habeo neminem."—A. Pal., *Opera*, edit. Hallbauer, 1728, p. 460.

cumstance in particular early developed this feeling in him.

Beyond the mountains which bounded the horizon of his native country, near Liris, where the river Coza loses itself, on whose banks he had dreamed and played, rises Arpino, the country of Marius and the cradle of the great Roman orator, admiration of whom seems to have been the first hero-worship of the life of Paleario.* It was from reading Cicero that he acquired the harmony and eloquence by which his writings were afterwards distinguished, as well as that taste for a still more remote antiquity, whose treasures were revealed to him by Xenophon, Homer, and Aristotle.

The limited resources of an episcopal city in the remote confines of the Abruzzi could not long suffice to satisfy Paleario's ardent love of learning. At the age of seventeen he quitted Veroli to attend the course of study in the University of Rome. This was in 1520, the last year but one before the memorable pontificate which saw the illusion of Roman Catholic unity dispelled for ever, but which diffused over Italy a splendour equal to that which shone in the times of Augustus and of Pericles. The day of Gregory VII. and of Innocent III.

* "Tullius noster Arpinas," he somewhere says. Cicero is his master in eloquence, as Aristotle is his master in philosophy.—*Opera*, pp. 204, 205.

was gone by, and these great pontiffs, the personification of the theocratic genius of the Middle Ages, had carried with them to the tomb the secret of the ascendancy which the papacy had so long exercised over the nations. The virtues of Nicholas V. and of Pius II. could not restore it; and the voice of the (self-styled) vicars of Christ, summoning the nations to a new crusade against the Turks, died away without an echo in Europe. The scandals of schism were succeeded, almost without an interval, by the crimes and enormities which from that time disgraced, for more than ten years, the throne (falsely called) St. Peter's.

Rome had then a short repose from the saturnalia of Alexander VI., and from the patriotic fury of Julius II., under a pope, elegant, witty, preferring art to religion, and veiling, with inimitable grace, the decay of the church, by the masterpieces of genius which he accumulated around him. Leo X., with his refined tastes, his easy manners, and his enthusiasm for beauty in every form, is indeed the true pontiff of the Renaissance. In the intervals between his hunting parties at Viterbo and his voluptuous retirement at Bolsena, he signed the Bull of Indulgences, and authorized, by a brief, the publication of Ariosto's poem. Through his care the University of Rome was raised to the highest degree of prosperity. "The city of the popes," said he, "must

be the religious and literary metropolis of the universe." *

More than a hundred professors, chosen from among the learned men of Italy, there taught law, medicine, and letters ; whilst, on the Esquiline hill, a few refugees, under the direction of John Lascaris, pupil of Cardinal Bessarion, revived the light of ancient Greek literature, whose vivid flashes dazzled the minds of men. It was a remarkable moment in history, when ancient Rome lived again amid the marvels of papal Rome ; when the charm of letters seemed to be substituted for the influence of religion ; when the austere doctrines of the cross were blended with the elegant fables of paganism. Alone, amid this universal enchantment, the voice of a German monk dared to recall the church to its primitive purity, to denounce its abuses, and to proclaim the punishments that awaited its crimes. But even Luther's earnest cry was all but lost amid the concert of flattering voices ; and Leo X., by paying a compliment to the fine genius of the Augustine monk, fancied he had conjured away all the evils that threatened Christendom.

It is in the correspondence of their most illustrious

* " Ut urbs Roma ita in re literaria, sicuti et in cæteris rebus totius orbis caput esset."—*Bull of Leo X.*, quoted by Audin, vol. ii. p. 85.

contemporaries that we must seek for a true picture of this society, passionately devoted to letters, and by its enthusiasm giving new life to ancient learning. "Do not suppose," writes Calcagnini, "that such a rich harvest of talent and learning can be found anywhere else than in Rome. There are here a great number of persons whose friendship pleases me so much, that I cannot conceive or wish for greater happiness. Among them all, I chiefly love Jerome Aleandro, a man learned in the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew languages, whom the sovereign pontiff, on the death of Zenobio Acciaoli, appointed librarian, and who shows me every day the immense treasures contained in the Vatican. After him comes the Cardinal Egidio, of Viterbo, a man of singular integrity and renown, who has explained the mysteries of Porphyry and of Proclus. Among these great men I may also mention Fabius of Ravenna, an old man of antique probity, whose erudition is only equalled by his amiability. Thanks to his learned vigils, Hippocrates has ceased to express himself in the ridiculous jargon of the Middle Ages, and now speaks in very good Latin. This holy man is disinterestedness personified. He receives from the private purse of his Holiness a monthly pension, which he generally distributes among his neighbours and friends, living like a disciple of Pythagoras, on vege-

tables and roots, and lodging in a hole, a real Diogenes' tub, where he will some day be found lying dead among his books. Fabio is for the present the guest of Raphael d'Urbino, who pets him like a child. This Raphael is an artist of rare skill and admirable genius. He is the favourite of Leo X., and is executing, by his order, a marvellous work. I do not speak of the church of St. Peter, where he superintends the works now going on, but of the restoration of ancient Rome, which he disinters before our eyes in its grandeur and magnificence, by levelling rising grounds, searching among rubbish, and restoring the ruins to their primitive appearance. The pope is so much pleased with him, that he declares him to be a messenger from heaven, charged to resuscitate the eternal city. . . . There is nothing which is not worthily represented here, even to our contemporary history. Paulus Jovius, a celebrated physician, is writing the history of our own time, in a style so clear and so elegant, that I am ashamed to write in such a rustic manner about a man so accomplished."

Sadoletto, another witness of these pleasant years of the pontificate of Leo X.—of which he was the honour—after he had retired to Carpentras, recalled with the deepest emotion the literary festivities, the remembrance of which haunted him amid the labours of his episcopate,—those brilliant meetings which took place on the

banks of the Tiber, in the Quirinal or the Colosseum, where men such as Vida, Bembo, Castiglione, displayed in turn the graces of their minds. "There," he says, "after a banquet, which was less to be commended for the delicacy of the food than for the urbanity of the guests, verses were recited, and speeches were made, which delighted the hearers. Genius shone forth in all its brilliancy, and yet conversation lost none of the amiable familiarity which is its true charm."

It was during these days of revival that Paleario appeared at the University of Rome, with no other recommendation than his candour, his youth, and an intense love of study. Raphael had just died, and Rome was still mourning for the great artist, whose pencil, realizing the type of ideal beauty, had pictured the "School of Athens," and the "Transfiguration." Leo X. did not long survive his favourite painter. Seized by fever in the midst of the *fêtes* by which he was celebrating the success of his arms in the Milanese, he left the papal throne vacant, and was succeeded by the old tutor of Charles V., Adrian of Utrecht, who was in all respects the opposite of his predecessor. "Adrian," says Luigi Gradenigo, a Venetian ambassador, "leads a most exemplary and devout life. He says the canonical prayers every day, rises in the night to recite the matins, and then returns to bed to take a little rest."

He rises again at dawn, and performs mass before going to the audience chamber. He dines and sups temperately. I am assured that he does not spend even one ducat on his meals. He is a man of good and holy life, well versed in the Holy Scriptures. He speaks little, and prefers solitude."

This punctilious and austere pontiff, who continued on the throne the severities of the cloister, and whose melancholy epitaph bears testimony at once to his noble intentions and to his powerlessness, this martyr among well-meaning men struggling with difficulties too great for them, esteemed nothing but theology, and felt nothing but contempt for ancient literature. But his reign was short, and the accession of Guilio de' Medici to the papal throne, under the name of Clement VII., was hailed as a second renaissance by the wits and scholars, who had been shocked by the rudeness of the prior of Louvain.*

Sober, modest, enlightened, Clement had but one fault—a want of perseverance in his designs; thus being the sport of his own inconstancy.† At the summons of the new pope, Sadoletto, who had been for the moment

* In his curious treatise on the misfortunes of men of letters (*De Infelicitate Literatorum*), Valerian has taken care not to forget the reign of Adrian.

† Ranke, *History of the Popes*, vol. I. p. 96, 403.

in disgrace, returned to Rome; the academies were reopened, and the university saw a multitude of students hastening from all quarters to assemble around the chairs made illustrious by such men as Bottigella, Parrhasius, and Chalcondyle. Paleario was of this number. Although the history of his youth is but imperfectly made known to us in his correspondence, we may conjecture what it was—divided between the study of philosophy and that of letters—and this at a time when Cicero, Demosthenes, and Aristotle, restored to the admiration of the schools, were the themes of the most enthusiastic commentaries, and when the reading of Virgil and Homer entranced all minds. Paleario shared in this enthusiasm. Often, accompanied by a few friends, engrossed, like himself, by the love of antiquity—Mauro d'Arcano, Frangipani, Maffei—he traversed the Roman Campagna, whose poetic melancholy suits so well the majesty of its ruins and the grandeur of its memories. He sought at Tivoli an echo of the lyre of Horace, and at Frascati the mysterious cradle of the *Tusculine* disputations. The Forum recalled to him the triumphs of eloquence, the Colosseum, those of religion; and the disciple of Cicero admired the constancy of the martyrs, without suspecting that he should one day imitate their example!

Thus passed six years of quiet study, scarcely marked by any events, save those which leave their trace in the

familiar effusions of friendship. Among these was the departure of Mauro d'Arcano, recalled, by circumstances with which we are unacquainted, to Friuli, his native country. Mauro was a poet, and his light and lively muse, the rival of that of Berni, sometimes rose to nobler strains.* He was the soul of those literary meetings, in which were assembled the flower of the Roman youth, where Marco of Lodi, accompanying himself on the lyre, recited the finest sonnets of Petrarch and of Dante.† Palario saw him go with regret. "Your departure," wrote he, "has been a great cause of grief to me. And you also have felt it, dear Mauro: for, notwithstanding all your efforts to show yourself more composed than I was, you were not able to restrain your tears when you bade me adieu. Independently of our old friendship, such a separation could not take place without causing equal grief to both of us, because of the similarity of our studies and of our tastes. I followed you with my eyes as long as I could. At the other side of Soracte,‡ the mountains and woods covered you with their shade, and I went down again towards the Tiber. Near the river I met Cardinal Cæsarini, our patron,

* Tiraboschi, *Storia della Letter. Ital.*, vol. vii. p. 4207.

† Dionigi Atanagi, *Lettere Facete*, Venice, 1582, p. 220.

‡ The present village of Oreste, situated on the slope of the hill, which commands so proudly the Campagna of Rome.

with a numerous train. He has recommended me kindly to all his friends, as, with his usual goodness, he is desirous that I should not suffer from his absence. Rome seems like a wide desert.* May God grant that I may soon welcome the return of the friends whom I miss so much! . . . Nevertheless, dear Mauro, take counsel only with your own honour. Although there is no one here whose society is so pleasant to me as yours, yet I dare not urge you to hasten your return." The absence of Mauro was longer than he had foreseen. Serious events had taken place at Rome before he returned, and his premature death was one of the first sorrows which saddened the tender and sensitive heart of Paleario.

We have reached the first months of the year 1527, one of the darkest in the record of history. Whilst Europe, occupied for a short time with the alternations of the struggle between Charles V. and Francis I., seemed to think only of the war against the Lutherans, of the crusade against the Turks, a terrible storm was gathering at the foot of the Alps, and it was destined to burst upon Rome. The popes, with a policy as changeable as their interest—French, German, or Spanish in turn—had, without scruple, sought support

* "Cum in urbem rediissem mira mihi ubique visa est solitudo," etc.—*Opera*, pp. 441, 442.

from each of the sovereigns who disputed with each other the fragments of the Peninsula, still pursuing by every means the enlargement of the territory of St. Peter. Julius II. inaugurated a bolder policy, founded on the expulsion of the barbarians, and the organization of an Italian confederation, under the auspices of the papacy. But, while wishing to destroy the barbarians by setting them against each other, and making alliances in turn with Louis XII. and with Ferdinand the Catholic, he opened to them the way to Italy. Leo X. inherited his faults without having the greatness of mind necessary to carry on his designs; and the surrender of Milan was the pledge of his reconciliation with Francis I. Under Adrian VI. the papacy was the vassal of Charles V. Under Clement VII. it attempted to free itself, and to hold an equal balance between the two rival monarchs; but this was a vain effort, which ended only in the formation of the Holy Alliance against Spain. When required to dissolve this league, Clement replied to the emperor by a threat of excommunication, and released Francis I. from the oath which he had taken at Madrid. This was the moment made use of by the Chancellor Moroni, one of the most profligate and corrupt men of Italy, to organize a conspiracy, the secret springs of which had their origin in the Vatican. Cardinal Giberti announced in full consistory that its

object was nothing less than to overthrow the Spanish dominion, and to free the Peninsula for ever from a foreign yoke. From this may be easily foreseen the storm which was to burst on the capital of the Romish church, and the dread which it caused in the minds of all.

The expression of the common feeling may be found in a letter from Paleario, written during the first months of 1527 :—" The report has just reached us of a threatened rupture between the emperor and the pope. Already, they tell us, Bologna is in arms, and the Germans are ready to march. If this news be confirmed, it is all over with us, and with this unhappy city."* The fate of Milan, abandoned for three months to the excesses of a maddened soldiery, presaged the fate of Rome. The terrible march of the Constable de Bourbon, the trepidation and irresolution of the pontiff, who neither knew when to treat nor how to fight at the right time, delivered Rome without defence to the fanaticism of the Germans and the ferocity of the Spaniards. The city which for so many centuries had been enriched by the offerings of superstition, which had seen the gold of the jubilees flowing into its bosom, and which had levied contributions upon the vices and

* " Iras esse inter Clementem pontificem et Carolum Cæsarem. . . . Quod si est, periiimus."—*Opera*, p. 444.

the virtues of every nation, had now to suffer the horrors of a massacre, followed by scenes of pillage unparalleled in the records of history. Churches, palaces, tombs, were alike profaned. Of the invaders, the Germans were the more licentious, the Spaniards the more greedy and cruel. One member of the Sacred College, Cardinal d'Aracéli, was carried about on a bier, and, still living, was made to attend his own funeral. The drunken soldiery, in imitation of the election of the sovereign pontiff, chose by acclamation one of their own companions, crowned him with a tiara, and carried him in triumph through the streets, with cries of "Long live Pope Luther!"

Paleario was not a witness of these horrors, which the pious people of the time regarded as the just punishment of the corruptions of the church, and of the saturnalia of the papacy.* At the first report of the advance of the imperialists, he had quitted Rome to take refuge in Veroli. But the mountains which sheltered his native

* Nothing can be more significant on this subject than the discourse delivered openly in the Vatican by the Bishop of Sibari:—"Why have so many calamities fallen upon us? It is because 'all flesh has corrupted his way upon the earth,' and we are the inhabitants, not of the holy city of Rome, but of Babylon the harlot."—Wolfii, *Lect. Memorabilia*, vol. ii. p. 300. This is the same thought which is developed in the curious dialogue on the taking of Rome, incorrectly attributed to John Valdés.

city could not protect its inhabitants from the horrors of war. After having glutted their first fury on the Roman people, having ransomed the trembling pope, and pillaged the Eternal City, ferocious bands of soldiery overspread the country. Anagni, Frosinone, Veroli, were not spared. Not far from the last-named town, upon the peak of a volcanic mountain in the Abruzzi, stood the monastery of Monte Cassino, the cradle of an order of monks celebrated throughout all Christendom. Marauding bands directed their course thither, lured by the hope of a rich booty, and reached San Germano, situated directly below the convent. The monks were in a state of extreme terror. A deputation was sent to petition the Prince of Orange, who had succeeded Bourbon. He yielded, and ordered a retreat: "Bless your patron St. Benedict," said he, as he departed; "for he has done more for you than St. Peter for his vicar."*

The fate of these unhappy states continued to be deplorable, a prey as they were to the threefold scourge of fire, famine, and pestilence; trampled under foot in turn by the French and by the Spaniards, by Lautrec and by the Prince of Orange.† They had no respite

* Dom Luigi Tosti, *Storia della Badia di Monte Cassino*, vol. iii. p. 205.

† "Cum omne Latium arsisset bello tetro et calamitoso, et tribus ingentibus malis vastata agri, villæ succensæ, urbes assiduus funeribus haustæ essent. . . ."—A. Pal., *Opera*, p. 84.

till two years afterwards, when the treaty of Cambrai banished the French from the Peninsula, and gave it, without hope of release, into the power of Charles V.

Paleario had already returned to Rome, but he found all there changed. The ancient capital of the world was now only a desert, bearing everywhere the traces of the outrages and devastations of the barbarians. From the Porta del Popolo to the Forum, from the church of Santa Maria Maggiore to the Vatican, he found only ruins blackened by the flames, among which wandered a few pale figures, a sad symbol of the sovereign people. The city of the popes and the city of the Cæsars, as if struck by the same blow, seemed united in the same downfall. "Who could look without tears," wrote Bembo, "on this solitude, desolation, and mourning?"* The learned men so solicitously assembled by Leo X. had disappeared. Antonio Valdo, of Padua, died of starvation in his house; Marco Calvi, of Ravenna, had expired in the hospital. Happier than they, Lilio Geraldini had lost only his books, and Paulus Jovius his manuscripts, bought back at great cost by Clement VII. The schools were deserted; letters, formerly so much in favour, had fallen into the most complete discredit. In this shipwreck of civilization, it was difficult to meet

* "Cujus solitudinem, vastitatem, interitum, quis tam ferus est qui non defleat?"—*Epist. Famil.*, p. 85.

with a man able to speak Latin. What a disappointment to Paleario! His most generous patron, Cardinal Cesarini, was absent from Rome, or indifferent to his labours. All his letters bear the impress of discouragement and sadness. "From the time of the sack of Rome, and of the frightful ravages that have taken place in all Latium, what province is more desolate than ours? What poverty can be compared to that of our princes? Indeed, I have no alternative but to escape from it."* He tried to recommence his interrupted studies, but without success. He employed himself with a commentary on the Orations of Cicero; but his resources failed, and he could not complete it. He had no choice but to depart, giving vent to his grief by thus pouring forth his complaints into the heart of a friend:—"The avarice of those, whom I may not name, has banished from Rome all the masters of eloquence and taste. I hear that Tuscany, more fortunate, sees the light of learning and science shining brilliantly in the midst of her. I shall go to Siena, on my way to Perugia, where the functions of legate are exercised by my countryman, Ennio Philonardi. I shall be glad to see him, for he has always given me proofs of his affection. Besides, Perugia can boast of some learned men

* "Urbe capta, Latio exinanito, quid ista provincia spoliatus, quid nostris regulis egentius?"—*Opera*, p. 458.

who are not to be despised. But what! you will say, are you then really going to leave Rome and the neighbourhood of the Sacred College? Yes, I reply; because there is no greater disgrace than to remain inactive at my age. The most illustrious philosophers of antiquity, desirous of acquiring a greater extent of knowledge, have explored the most remote regions of the earth with the traveller's staff in their hands; and should we hesitate to emerge from sluggish repose, to mount on horseback, and explore the country which has given us birth? Ah! if Providence had bestowed on me a larger patrimony, I would have undertaken many other journeys. I would not only have travelled all over Italy, but also through France, Germany, and every country in Europe where civilization flourishes. I would have visited Greece, where, alas! there is not now a shore free from the tyranny of the Turks! Believe me, it is not lightly that I have decided on a step which merits the approval of every right-thinking man. In the decline of our fortunes and of our greatness, no country is to be despised by an Italian who is anxious to improve himself. Wherever they see the light shining, youth ought to hasten towards it."* These enthusiastic effusions were succeeded by fits of depression. "I am not made

* "Ut lumen aliquod respiciant, laudi esse debet juvenibus quoquo proficiscantur."—*Opera*, p. 448.

of iron, neither is my heart stoical enough, not to grieve at the thought of the friends I must leave behind.”* Among these friends were the young Frangipani, his pupil, richly endowed with every gift of fortune and genius, and Bernardino Maffei, afterwards invested with the Roman purple. “The bonds which unite us,” wrote he, “are sacred bonds. The friendship which is founded on a community of tastes and communion of thought, is secure from any change.”†

In the last months of the year 1529, we find Paleario occupied in realizing, by the sale of his paternal estate, the necessary funds for the journeys which he was about to take. “I must submit to any sacrifice, rather than renounce a literary career; lands, houses, furniture—sell all that I possess in Veroli; sell it without delay.” John Martelli, a friend of the family, having come forward to buy the house, he thanks him in these words:—“It is a consolation to me to think that you will live under a roof which would have seen us constantly assembled, if my destiny had not called me elsewhere.” With a liberality which is only the payment of a debt of old affection, he remits to Martelli a fifth of

* “Non ita ferreus sum quin acerbitas quædam doloris commemoratione eorum a quibus avulsus videor, non recrudescat.” —*Opera*, p. 450.

† *Ibid.*, p. 474.

the price agreed upon, and sends little presents as a remembrance to each of the friends of his childhood, offering to one a few volumes from his library, to another a piece of his silver plate. "I cannot express," adds he, "how much I shall miss you; not a day will pass that I shall not return to you in spirit." We purposely dwell on these letters, in which the heart of Paleario is revealed. In future times he had more illustrious friends, but he never found any more true.

Towards the end of the year 1529, he quitted Rome by the ancient Flaminian Way, across the hilly country which rises like an amphitheatre from the banks of the Tiber to the crests of the Apennines, and which is one of the most interesting regions of Italy. Nature, adorned with all the luxuriance of a southern vegetation, there appears as lovely as she is grand. Old cities, such as Narni, Terni, Spoleto, add to the beauty of the scene. "In the heart of the country one valley opens wider than the others. The horizon there is more extended. The outline of the mountains is drawn in more harmonious curves. Abundant streams flow through a well-cultivated country. The two entrances to this terrestrial paradise are guarded by the cities of Perugia on the north, and of Foligno on the south. On the western side is the little city Bevagna, the birthplace of Propertius, the poet of the tender passions. On the

east, on the side of a hill which commands all the landscape, rises Assisio, which was to be the birthplace of the singer of a nobler love.”* Yet in the sixteenth century it was not without danger that a traveller could enter this country, then infested by brigands, and disturbed by perpetual insurrections, in the cities where the bloody oppression of Cæsar Borgia had sown the seeds of rebellion.

Perugia, one of the twelve cities of ancient Etruria, situated on the side of the mountains which command Lake Thrasymene, and always quaking under pontifical authority, now enjoyed an interval of repose, under the able administration of Ennio Philonardi. Paleario met with the warmest reception from his former protector. Philonardi kept him in his own palace, glad to enjoy the constant society of his young fellow-countryman, whose first efforts in literature he had encouraged. He himself presented him to the magistrates of the city, who, struck with his talents, offered him one of the principal chairs in their college. Paleario declined to accept it; perhaps because he feared that the rusticity of the inhabitants of the country, and the asperity of political feeling, might prevent him from devoting himself in peace to his studies; perhaps because he could not at that moment

* Ozanam, *Les Poètes Franciscains*, p. 47.

resist the attractions of the Tuscan language, the purest in Italy. He then took leave of Philonardi, who, a few years afterwards, was appointed cardinal, and governor of the castle of St. Angelo. Pope Paul III. had just ascended the throne. One of his first acts was a war of extermination against his rebellious subjects in Umbria.

The Baglioni, the ancient lords of Perugia, had returned to their domains after a bloody revolution. Paul III. drove them out again. The whole of one part of the city was rased to the ground by his orders. On its site was built a fortress, which long stood as a memorial of the humiliation of the Perugians, and of the victory of the warlike successor of Julius II.* “It is true,” writes the Venetian, Antonio Suriano, “that his Holiness is naturally very passionate; and his advanced age (he is sixty-eight), instead of softening his disposition, has only increased his passionate temper in proportion to the power with which he is invested. This pope is a Roman by birth, and has a most daring spirit. He is very exacting, ponders and dwells upon all the injuries which are done to him, and has an intense desire to make all his nephews great.” † . . . We

* Upon one of its gates the following words were inscribed :—
“Ad compescendam Perusinorum audaciam Paulus III. ædificavit.”

† Armand Baschet, *La Diplomatie Vénitienne et les Princes de l'Europe*, p. 485.

know whether the clear-sighted diplomatist was mistaken in his forebodings—the reign of Paul III. was not less strongly marked by nepotism than that of Leo. X.

When Paleario left Perugia, he little anticipated the sad tidings that awaited him at Siena, the bitterness of which was mingled with his first feelings of isolation, in a city where he was a stranger. A few young men of Veroli, actuated by a feeling of envy and hatred—from the effects of which he had already suffered when a child—broke into his house, and there committed all kinds of excess.* Their brutal violence did not even recoil from sacrilege. Several members of the family of Paleario were buried in a neighbouring church. The tomb which enclosed these sacred remains was not spared. “Do not be surprised,” wrote he to his friends, “if I forsake my native city for ever. Among the many reasons which forbid my return, there is one of which I cannot think without tears. Wretches have dared to demolish my mother’s tomb, without respect for the memory of her piety and her virtues. God grant that her ashes may not have been profaned. It is for you, who still cherish true friendship for me in your hearts, to give me a fresh proof of it now, by collecting

* “Qui mihi a puero infestissimi fuerunt adolescentes impuri, scelerati,” . . . etc.—*Opera*, p. 458.

in an urn the remains of those who have given me birth. I will gladly pay all expense. It is a debt of filial piety. In the place where my mother's tomb was, I should wish a slab of marble to be placed, with the inscription which I enclose. . . . If the Muses favour me, I shall do still more to honour these memories so dear to me. If the ashes of the dead are not insensible, my parents will rejoice to receive this pious homage.

“TO MATTEO PALEARIO AND TO CHIARA GIANARILLA,

HIS WELL-BELOVED PARENTS

TO ELISA, FRANCESCA, AND GIANILLA,

HIS MUCH-LOVED SISTERS;

AONIO PALEARIO, A VOLUNTARY EXILE,

HAS CONSECRATED THIS MONUMENT.”

CHAPTER II.

PALEARIO AT SIENA.

THE traveller who journeys along the road from Rome to Florence, between the volcanic lakes of ancient Etruria, and the sad, melancholy Maremma, sees in the distance the plateaus of the Apennines undulating to the eye like the waves of the sea. Among these mountain slopes rises a city girt with walls, and bristling with spires; whilst over all towers a belfry, as light as a gothic arrow. This city is Siena, the Ghibelline republic, the rival of Florence and of Pisa, whose cathedral of marble, with its mosaic pavement and its mysterious Sybils, its old palace, and its Campo celebrated by Dante, still stand as memorials of its ancient splendour. Through all the vicissitudes of its history, a sovereign and a tributary in turn, Siena has retained its proud scutcheon—the she-wolf suckling twins, with its motto written in letters of gold over the hall of the Municipality, *Libertas!* The revolutions, which have everywhere else left their trace on the soil of Italy, have in no way changed the aspect of Siena; the same now as it

was in the days of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, the able secretary of the council of Bâle—afterwards pope, under the name of Pius II.—and of the Byzantine poet, Marullo Tarcagnota, who has thus sung its praise:—
 “Daughter of old Remus, and mother of a noble posterity—Siena, delight of Italy! . . . What shall I say of the churches, of the palaces, of the statues of marble and of brass, which adorn thy streets and squares? Shall I forget thy double forum, thy sacred streets, and the free institutions enjoyed by thy citizens, summoned in turn to obey and to command? Shall I be silent as to the fruitfulness of thy soil, the tributes of thy colonies, and the genius of thy children, sensitively alive to the noblest enjoyments of art and of poetry? . . . May peace and concord lavish on thee all their treasures, ever full and ever flowing, like the fountain of *Branda*, whose streams are never dry!”* This homage, paid by an exile to the republic which had generously welcomed him, ought not to make us forget the bitter invective of Dante, against the vanity of the Sieneſe,† and the severe judgment of Montaigne, who ſums up their his-

* Valery, *Voyages Historiques et Littéraires en Italie*, edit. in 4to, p. 520.

† Ed io diſſi al poeta: or fu giammai
 Gente ſi vana come la ſaneſe?
 Certo non la franceſca ſi d’ſſai.

—*Inferno*, cant. xxix.

tory in a single sentence:—"Siena, at all times ruled by party spirit, is more unwisely governed than any other city in Italy."

The struggle between the Italian republics, under the opposite banners of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, is one of the most brilliant episodes of the Middle Ages. Siena very early raised the Ghibelline banner; and the victory over the Florentines at Monte-Aperto (1260) rendered her for the moment the mistress of Tuscany. But from that time she began to fall into decay; and, for three centuries afterwards, her annals present only a lamentable succession of dissensions and crimes, which could not fail to end in her ruin. Upon this dark background of revolutions, rise here and there solitary figures which recall, not without charm, ancient virtues. In the year 1451, the emperor Frederick III. having gone to Siena, to bring home his betrothed bride, Eleonora of Portugal, the bishop Æneas Sylvius brought her to meet him at the gate Camollia. The princess was accompanied by four hundred Sienese ladies, renowned for their virtues and their beauty. Among them shone conspicuous Onorata Saraceni. Her companions having reproached her for being too simply dressed, she answered "that the Sienese ladies were wont to wear no other ornament than their modesty." When they asked her in the ball-room who was the handsomest man present, she

replied, "I have never even cast a glance on any, but my husband."

The rivalry between Charles V. and Francis I. was a new source of evil to Italy. The peace of Cambrai, by subjecting the different states of the Peninsula to Spanish supremacy, by no means put an end to the rivalry between the cities, or to the fury of the factions which raged within them. Amid the general submission, a few cities still preserved a shadow of independence in the wreck of their glorious past. Of this number were Genoa (the country of Andrew Doria), Lucca, and Siena; whose devotion to the ancient Ghibelline party, recommended them to the forbearance of the emperor, and whose whole policy consisted in trying to be forgotten by the powerful monarch, who disposed at his will of the thrones and the lands of the Peninsula. Whilst Florence counted with terror every step of the Medici as they approached its walls; whilst the Duke of Ferrara entreated on his knees for the cession of Modena and Reggio; and whilst Clement VII., by crowning Charles V. at Bologna, put a seal, so to speak, on the sepulchral stone of Italy;—Siena still retained some relics of its ancient institutions,—a singular mixture of aristocracy and democracy; and fancied herself free because she was in a state of agitation. The city was divided into castes or parties, which, under the name of the Nine, the Gentlemen, the Re-

formers, and the People, disputed for power. The great council, or Balia, deliberated on general interests. The executive power was vested in the Council of Eight, which deputed three of its members, under the name of Priors, to decide on all the acts of the government.*

Such was the political state of Siena, on the arrival of Paleario (27th October, 1530). His correspondence makes us acquainted with his first impressions:—"The city is situated on charming hills, its surrounding territory is fertile, and produces all the necessaries and luxuries of life in abundance; but discord arms the citizens one against the other, and all the energy of the state is exhausted in the disputes of factions."† "The nobility, who alone could have given some encouragement to literature, live in the country, dispersed among villages and castles. Do not, therefore, be surprised if the Muses have forsaken the city, and if neither poets, philosophers, nor orators worthy of the name, are to be met with. Yet the Sienese, like the people of Tuscany, are ingenious and lively. The women are remarkably beautiful.

* Gigli, *Diario Senese*; Malevolti, *Storia di Siena*.

† This is the same opinion that is expressed by Cæsar Vajari, in his memorial to the Very Christian king, about the republic of Siena, in 1551:—"The people, as well of the town as of the country, are more inclined to arms than to agricultural labour." "Thence arise formidable factions," . . . etc.—*Chroniques Sienneses*, p. 23.

The multiplicity of academies of learning causes young people to cultivate in the first place their native tongue. The inconvenience attached to the marvellous flexibility of the Tuscan language is, that it diverts the minds of men from the study of the ancient languages, which require more effort for their acquisition. Consequently, there are but few here who are versed in ancient literature. I should wish to leave this, in order to resume in another place, those philosophical studies which were interrupted in Rome, and which I have never ceased to regret. But I cannot resist the kind entreaties of some noble lords who wish to keep me near them. I cannot find words to express what I think of their goodness and liberality towards me. The hospitality which they bestow upon me is most princely. Indeed, if the love of letters were not my only passion, I could nowhere be happier than here." Among the distinguished personages to whom Paleario alludes, two young patricians must be particularly mentioned—Bartolomeo Caroli and Bernardino Bono, who were bound to him by a truly fraternal affection. The first offered him a collection of valuable works made by his father; the second introduced him into the society of the most eminent citizens. Lastly, let us remember the Bellanti, celebrated for learning as well as patriotism, whose name will be mentioned more than once in the following narrative.

A year passed away amid the varied amusements of a life of elegance and luxury, which, however, was very far from satisfying Paleario. Full of the thirst for knowledge, that had been everywhere diffused by the Renaissance, and which could be quenched only at the most celebrated universities of Italy, he visited Florence, where Machiavel had just died, and where Guicciardini, amid the uproar of revolution, was writing the last pages of his history. Ferrara presented to him the spectacle of a brilliant court, seeking to acquire from literature glory in a less perilous career than that of arms. He does not seem to have made a long stay there, notwithstanding the friendship shown to him by Bartolomeo Ricci, with whom he long kept up an epistolary correspondence. He was in haste to reach Padua, whose university rivalled that of Bologna. He found there Bembo, mingling with his ingenious essays on the Italian language more serious studies on the history of Venice,—Bembo, the most intellectual representative of the literary paganism, which allied itself without effort to the highest perceptions of politics and of religion. He there became acquainted with the able scholar, Lazaro Bonamici, the friend of Sadoletto, and the celebrated Professor Lampidio, whose lectures on Demosthenes produced such a vivid impression upon his auditors. We may judge of this from the following extract of a letter from Paleario

to Maffei:—"Public report has doubtless told you how brilliantly Lampridio is explaining to us the speeches of Demosthenes. While we listen to him, the personages described in these immortal orations seem to live again. Why do I say the personages? It is rather Demosthenes himself to whom we listen—his very voice, his gestures so marvellously suited to his eloquence, his powerful tones, his soul overflowing in passionate words! It is impossible to imagine anything more noble. What would I not give, dear Maffei, that you had been here with me! I know that you would sacrifice without regret all the magnificence of Rome, and all the attractions of popularity, in return for the least interpretation from Lampridio."* Under the direction of such a master, whose friendship he succeeded in obtaining, Paleario finished what he had so well begun in the school on the Esquiline Hill. He made himself equally familiar with the two forms of ancient literature, of which Europe welcomed the revival.

New lessons awaited him in the University of Padua. Thanks to the liberal decisions of the rulers of Venice, who were at the moment favourable to the intellectual movement of the day, and thanks to the memory of

* "Te omnem istam urbis magnificentiam et popularem gloriam cum una Lampridii interpretatiuncula, non collaturum."
—*Opera*, p. 475.

the illustrious masters, Amaseo d'Udine, Marc Antonio Passera, Gonfalonieri, a generous spirit of new life was breathed into old studies. The monuments of sacred antiquity were studied with as much earnestness as those of profane literature. "Wisdom," writes Paleario, "seems to have chosen this city as her dwelling-place, and Science here displays all her treasures. There is no place in the world where the thirst for learning, which we feel so keenly, may be more easily satisfied."

Under the shades of the monastery of St. John de Verdara, a young Florentine, named Peter Martyr Vermigli, had acquired, by the study of the ancients and meditation on the Bible, the grave and vigorous eloquence which he was afterwards to use for the exposition of the Christian faith. Flaminio, a poet, whom we shall soon meet again at Naples, had acquired in the school of Padua the secret of that Virgilian eloquence which marks his verses; whilst the future Bishop of Istria, Paolo Vergerio, there early displayed the elegance and delicacy of mind, which he was to use, successively, in the service of Romanism and of the Reformation. Paleario found at Padua traces of these distinguished men, to whom he was at a later period united by the community of faith; but he especially enjoyed the intimate friendship of Bembo, to whom

he had early vowed an ardent admiration, and whose influence may be perceived in his first writings.*

The stay of Paleario at Padua does not seem to have been prolonged for more than a year. He had gone to Bologna, when he was recalled to Siena by a letter from one of his friends, who entreated his assistance at a critical moment. The re-establishment of the Medici at Florence, the appearance of the Spaniards at Pisa and at Lucca, had excited popular movements in almost all the cities of Tuscany. Siena, still free, was passing rapidly through the stormy phases which every republic must undergo on the eve of rushing from the extreme of licence to the extreme of thralldom. Under shelter of the dissensions which rent the city asunder, there had arisen a class of men, audacious, perverse, disowned by all parties, and the terror of all, who meditated only overthrow and ruin. The family of the Bellanti were specially the objects of their spite. They were watching for an opportunity to accuse and ruin any member of this family; and their hatred was so much the more bitter, because their effulgent virtues and great services left no pretext for calumny. In the first years of that century, Petrini Bellanti had taken his place among the most eminent jurisconsults of Italy.

* "Quam mirifice a pueritia ingenii tui suavitates et ornamenta amaverim."—*Opera*, p. 467.

His learning, his eloquence, and the liberality with which he freely gave counsel to all, had made him the oracle of Siena. All his thoughts were devoted to the glory of his country, which he could not separate from its freedom. The enemy of all tyranny, whether aristocratic or popular, he had placed himself at the head of the best of the citizens, to resist and crush the sons of the dictator, Pandolfo Petrucci; and after their fall he retired without hesitation into private life. In return for so many services, he received nothing but ingratitude. Suspected by the democratic faction because of his riches and his talents, he was accused of conspiracy against the State, and was proscribed, together with his son Antonio, a boy scarcely thirteen. This affliction shortened his life. In his will, which is marked by Christian resignation and antique magnanimity, he exhorted his son to forget all the injuries they had suffered. With his hand clasped in the hand of his dying father, Antonio solemnly promised to repay the injustice of his countrymen by doing them good. These feelings were fostered by his mother, Aurelia Bellanti, of the noble family of the Ugurgieri, a matron whose virtues were worthy of the noblest times of Sparta or of Rome. Recalled to Siena, by one of the reactions so frequent in democratic governments, he there became president of the Nine, and captain of the

people. During a famine, he supported a large part of the population at his own expense, although he was still unjustly deprived by his enemies of one-half of his patrimony. So many good qualities only excited fresh envy. A plot was formed against his life by men sprung from the dregs of the people. He escaped by taking refuge in the fortified castle of Aréola, distant a few miles from Siena, whilst the conspirators sacked his house, broke and destroyed his furniture, and all that he most prized, regardless of the misfortunes and the white hairs of his venerable mother. This was but the prelude to a capital charge brought against him. Despairing of being able to assassinate him, his enemies hoped to reach him legally by means of one of those laws, which are like a two-edged sword in the hands of the parties who wield them. They accused one of his servants of having fraudulently introduced several tons of salt into the city, and required the sentence against his master of the most rigorous penalty,—confiscation, and death. Such was the purport of an old decree of the legislature, resolved upon in the worst days of the republic. So great was the fear inspired by the accusers, that none dared venture to defend the accused. Paleario listened only to his own brave heart; and he appeared before the judges to plead the cause of Bellanti.

The speech which he pronounced on this occasion carries us back to the days when the voice of the great Roman orator, thundering in the forum, accused Antony, or branded with eternal infamy Cataline and Verres. Well instructed in the masterpieces of oratory among the ancients, Paleario proved himself not unworthy of these models. His eloquence is but his virtue, thus invoking the immutable rights of justice and humanity :—
“If any one should be astonished, gentlemen, that my voice alone is raised in favour of an innocent citizen, this astonishment will be the measure of the melancholy condition of a republic, where the fury of factions knows no bounds, where the audacity of the wicked shrinks from no excess, and passes unpunished. This is why it has been necessary, when every mouth was closed by terror, that a stranger, who had come into Tuscany with quite other designs, united to you only by the ties of hospitality, should stand forth, at the call of friendship, to plead, at the peril of his life, a cause which no one else dared to undertake. Is not this, I ask you, the last step of degradation for a republic ; if there were not something more disastrous still, in the condition of a citizen, whom neither the splendour of rank, nor the witness of a good conscience, nor his illustrious ancestry, can protect, and who cannot even appear in person before his judges, without exposing himself to perish by

the dagger of an assassin? It is time, gentlemen, openly to resist these wicked men. If you still delay, what will remain inviolable and sacred in your city? What hope will sustain good citizens—when no one can expect to be safe from insult—to escape murder, pillage, and fire? when, at every point in the horizon, we see castles sacked, villages destroyed, churches profaned; all order in the state, both civil and ecclesiastical, completely overthrown? What do I say? When the authors of so many excesses, appearing within the very court itself, venture audaciously to brave your presence! Nothing can restrain them;—neither the dignity of the senate, nor the severity of the law, nor the majesty of the judges sitting on this tribunal. They do not fear to penetrate into the very sanctuary of justice, with hands dyed in blood, features distorted with passion, and voices troubled by the consciousness of their crimes. One of them, Antonio Polenta, whom I now see before me, was not long ago uttering threats of death. He boasted that he would strike, in the very presence of the judges, the advocate who should dare to undertake the defence of the accused! . . . But I know what I owe to the friendship of Bellanti; I have undertaken his cause, and I will not betray his confidence. Besides, I well know the integrity of my judges, which has appeared so gloriously in the senate, and I foresee what

their sentence will be. Let them only deign to lend me an attentive ear. Strong in their support, I shall show clearly the infamy of the accusers, as well as the purity, the patriotism, the self-denial, and all the virtues which set in so strong a light the innocence of the accused.”*

After this vehement and able exordium, Paleario related the trials which had marked the youth of Bellanti; and he thus approached the subject of the accusation against him:—

“Your ancestors have promulgated a law, by which it is severely forbidden to carry salt from the colonies of the republic into a private domain, or from a private domain into the city. Confiscation and death,—such are the penalties pronounced against transgressors. This law is severe; but, like all other laws, the mode of its application is intrusted to the wisdom of the judges. The laws are really the work of the fathers of the country, and not a perfidious device of its enemies. They have been instituted, not for the destruction of citizens, the ruin of families, the triumph of the wicked; but for the protection of the good, the punishment of crime, and the maintenance of the republic. Now, there is nothing so just or so holy, that it cannot be corrupted by contact with violent and domineering passions. The most useful ordinances, the most revered

* “*Oratio pro Antonio Bellante.*” Pal., *Opera*, pp. 51, 54.

edicts of our ancestors, may, in the hands of certain men, be productive of the most fatal evils. Indulgent to those who are like themselves, you may see them shut their eyes to the violation of all the laws, if done by an accomplice ; merciless to the slightest breach of them, if done by a good citizen. . . . It is for you, gentlemen, to whom the senate, by a sovereign decree, has confided the decision of this matter, to remove the fears of the most honourable families, to break in the hands of assassins the weapon always ready to strike every honest man. In the heritage which has been left you by the past, there are many things to be modified, taking into account the difference of times. Your fathers themselves have set you the example. If wisdom consists in making good laws, there is higher wisdom in correcting them.”* Paleario did not confine himself to setting forth these considerations, as just as they were exalted. Having come to the examination of the criminal charge, he discussed the depositions of the witnesses, exposed their contradictions ; and, mingling expostulation with sarcasm, pathetic supplications with expressions of the haughtiest disdain for his adversaries, he placed his client under the protection both of God and man. The sentence which he solicited from

* “ Quod si prudentissimorum hominum fuit leges ferre, corrigere quidem sapientissimorum est.”—*Opera*, p. 69.

the judges was intended to restore security to good citizens, to re-open the gates of their country to the exiles who were in arms on the frontiers, and to inaugurate an era of concord and prosperity for the republic. "Do not forget," said he, in conclusion, "who the man is whose fate is in your hands, who were his ancestors, and with what honour they once took their places on the very tribunal where you are now seated. Think of the changing condition of man, and the vicissitudes caused by revolutions. Perhaps the day is not far distant when you yourselves may be obliged to appear before other judges, and may be glad to find one voice courageous enough to unmask envy, and to attest your own innocence or that of your children." The efforts of Palario were not in vain. Bellanti was acquitted.

This triumph was not unattended by danger to his defender, who, being a stranger, was exposed without refuge to the attacks of powerful enemies. He did not hesitate to withdraw from it for a time, by returning to Padua, where he was summoned by the friendship of Bembo. "I do not enjoy less than Lampridio, the pleasure of your society and the charm of your talents, which we appreciated so highly during your stay among us. Your letters alone can console us for your absence; although, to say the truth, we should much prefer having you here in person. I hear that the Sienese are up in

arms ! Believe me, my dear Paleario, your peaceable habits, and your love of study, have nothing in common with the tumult of factions. What pleasure can you find in living in a city which proscribes men of such worth, that you are obliged to stand up and make speeches in their defence ? Where are your weapons for such a combat ? You are surrounded by gladiators. What can you expect when swords are already drawn ? Is not your proper place marked out for you, rather, among learned and virtuous men, more especially when you have quitted your paternal home to devote yourself to literature, and when a poem already begun, on *The Immortality of the Soul*, demands all your attention ? Ah ! return to your devotion to the Muses ! Come back to your place among friends who are longing for your return ! Lampridio passes his days with me. I am charmed with his conversation. I appreciate his candour, his pure-mindedness, his inviolable fidelity to his friends. He often speaks of you, and regrets you as much as I do. Hasten, then, to come without delay ; if you love us, as I hope you do, you will not keep us too long in expectation.”* Paleario could not remain deaf to so flattering an appeal. He returned to Padua, and to his friends. In the society of these learned and illustrious

* “Quamobrem si nos amas quantum profecto amas, ne sinas diutius nos duci expectatione.”—*Opera*, p. 469.

men, who cultivated literature for its own sake, and found in this study its best reward,—he enjoyed repose after the conflicts which had preceded his departure from Siena. Bembo inhabited an elegant mansion on the banks of the Brenta. More fortunate than Sadoletto, whose library had escaped in the sack of Rome only to be lost in a shipwreck,—he had collected into his the most curious bibliographical rarities. Among these were some of the most ancient manuscripts of Virgil and Terence, some Provençal poetry, and a few sheets written by Petrarch's own hand. It was in this library, whose windows looked towards the beautiful outline of the mountains of Arqua, among which stands the tomb of the minstrel of Laura, that Bembo assembled his friends. Luigi Cornaro, a Venetian noble, there read the fragments of his *Vita Sobria*, the manual of an elegant epicurism, a subject which Horace has not wholly exhausted. Lampridio there recited verses worthy of Pindar; and doubtless Paleario there read some fragments of the poem with which he had been long occupied, but which he did not completely finish till after his return to Tuscany.

Important events had happened at Siena during his absence. The fall of Florence, which had again yielded to the dominion of the Medici, presaged that of Siena, the possession of which had been long coveted by the

Spaniards. The dissensions in the city afforded a convenient pretext for entering it, of which they eagerly availed themselves. It is by alleging the necessity of maintaining order in times of peril, that all tyrannies are founded. When the virtues, without which a republic cannot subsist, give place to the passions of a lawless mob—when the laws are powerless to protect the life and honour of good citizens—anarchy produces its bitterest fruit, a disgust for liberty; and the noblest men become almost unconsciously the accomplices of tyrants. Siena was now to learn this sad truth by experience. Summoned by one of the parties who were disputing for power, the Duke of Amalfi, the lieutenant of Charles V., presented himself at the gates of the city, and entered without resistance. The emperor himself appeared in Siena on the 24th April, 1535, and renewed its privileges, leaving it at the same time with its constitution mutilated, in a state of slavery skilfully disguised under the forms of liberty. Thus was accomplished the fall of a republic, which rose again gloriously a few years afterwards, but only to exchange the yoke of Spain for that of the Medici. Thanks to the security which the presence of a Spanish governor restored to the Sienese, and to the momentary silence of factions, Paleario could return to his favourite occupations; and while giving lectures on philosophy and eloquence, he

also finished a poem, in three cantos, on the immortality of the soul.

This poem, which, as soon as it appeared, received the approval of the most competent judges, seems to us at the present day one of the smallest claims of the author to celebrity. Its tone is indeed generous, its composition able, and its form reminds us of the models of Latin antiquity. But these merits, which were keenly appreciated at the time when Paleario wrote, no longer suffice to preserve his work from oblivion. In the crisis of the dissolution of the ancient social system of the Romans, between the proscriptions of Marius and those of Sylla—when the idea of Divine justice, lost to view amid so many prosperous crimes and triumphant iniquities, seemed effaced from the minds of men—a poet, taking advantage of one of those mysterious dealings of Providence which history records, when evil seems temporarily permitted to triumph—had found high-sounding words in which to attack the very existence of God, to deny immortality, and glorify annihilation. From the depths of this abyss of scepticism, where glory, virtue, genius, lie covered under dust and ashes, he had soared to a height of eloquence and poetry unsurpassed even by Virgil himself, the poet of spiritualism. Notwithstanding the barrenness of his reasoning, and the withering desolation of his doctrine, Lucretius animates and

breathes a spirit of poetry into all that he touches ; and the deep melancholy of his thoughts seems like the sigh of an immortal soul still claiming its rights, and unconsciously worshipping an unknown God. Nevertheless, by the fulness of its arguments in favour of materialism, and its vehement invectives against the religions of the time, the poem of Lucretius was marvellously suitable to the age of the Borgias and of the Medici, to the spirit of scoffing and of levity which is one of the prevailing evils of the Renaissance. Translated into Italian by Musettola, it had been circulated through all classes of society, and read both by the learned and the vulgar. In undertaking to refute it, Paleario believed he was doing service alike to philosophy and to religion.

The first book of the poem *De Immortalitate*, which opens by an invocation to the celestial intelligences, is devoted to the demonstration of the existence of God, whose footsteps the poet seeks to trace, in the harmony of creation, and the magnificence of his works. This God, whom all nature proclaims, whom the heart of man invokes, and whose true name has been given us in revelation, is the supreme Ruler of the universe. All-holy, all-powerful, and eternal, he has created the soul of man in his own image ; and although in its ruin and its fall, bound down to earth, still that soul, by an

irresistible impulse, seeks to rise towards its Maker. "Contemplate now," exclaims the poet, "this noblest part of thyself, the soul, a breath of eternal wisdom. Seest thou how a mysterious force draws her beyond the narrow limits of this world? How, upon rapid wing, she soars aloft towards the dwelling-place of the Almighty, inaccessible to mortal eyes. Could she dare to cross such vast spaces, and to venture without a guide into the infinite, if she did not bear within herself the remembrance of her high origin, and the hope of her heavenly country? All here below has its end fixed by the Divine Ruler. The rivers, after having slowly rolled along their appointed course through the land, lose themselves at length in the ocean. The stone cast into the depths of the sea rests upon the damp sand. The cloud, coloured with a thousand brilliant dyes, dissolves as it floats away in the air, and is lost in the sky. The devouring flame, darting upwards from the ashes which it has consumed, tends towards the abode of eternal light. Everything here below follows the path which is marked out for it, and seeks for repose. Thus the soul also, springing upwards from the darkness of her narrow prison, rises towards her Creator, and, soaring from star to star, joyously reaches the threshold of the dwelling-place whence she was exiled. Delivered from the chains of sin which bind her to earth, she

flies upwards towards the infinite, and seeks to know her God.”*

The second book is dedicated to Aristotle, who is to guide the author through the labyrinth of argument to the pure light of evidence. It is a refutation of the errors of antiquity respecting the nature of the soul, which the poet distinguishes from the understanding, and whose mysterious destiny he follows beyond the gate of death. Then the poet trusts no longer to the pale glimmer of philosophy, but advances in the light of divine revelation. He now seeks guidance and instruction from the seer of Patmos, the well-beloved apostle, whose head had rested on the bosom of Christ. He rejects alike the doctrine of the Metempsychosis, so dear to the ancients, and that of Purgatory, held sacred by tradition and by generations of Romanists.† He shows that life is a definitive state of trial for each soul, which, when separated from the body, must appear before the Eternal Judge to receive a sentence, which will be solemnly ratified at the last day, when all the generations of mankind shall be assembled around the supreme tribunal. “Less numerous are the grains of barren

* *De Immortalitate Animorum*, lib. i. v. 517—540.

† Scilicet hoc sanctum est ne quid sperare precando
Defuncti vita possint. Sua præmia quemque
Certa manent, firmo certæque ex ordine pœnæ.

—*Ibid*, lib. iii. v. 298—300.

sand swept by the wind across the deserts of Libya, or on the solitary shores of the ocean; less numerous are the invisible forms that float in the sunbeam, than the souls of the righteous and the wicked, which shall be raised at the sound of the last trumpet, and shall stand around their Judge. On that day, O wonder of wonders! the bodies which have been swallowed up by the waves, wasted by lingering old age, or consumed in the flames of the stake, will appear again with the features they had worn in this world; like the mysterious bird which rises again more beautiful from its ashes, and reappears amid clouds of incense and of myrrh, endowed with fresh youth! . . . Thus God, for the second time giving life to dust, will thence bring forth renewed humanity. Among this crowd upraised from the tombs, there will be neither blind, nor lame, nor diseased, nor old men painfully bending under the weight of years. It will be again the spring time of the world; and humanity, endowed with a second youth, will know no other age for ever.”* Here the dream of the poet coincides with the truths of revelation, and we seem to gaze with him at the solemn scene of the last judgment, so forcibly depicted by Michael Angelo on the walls of the Sistine Chapel.

The poem of Paleario, rather didactic than literary,

* *De Immortalitate Animorum*, lib. iii. v. 540—582.

interspersed with pious invocations and sparkling with eloquent thoughts, displayed throughout its too close reasoning neither the elegance of Politian nor the harmony of Sannazar. It did not the less obtain the most flattering approval. The old secretary of Leo X.—the pious Sadoletto—who had retired into his diocese of Carpentras, where he exhibited a virtue unknown in those days—that of toleration—thus wrote to Paleario: “As a serene and peaceful face indicates a pure mind and a life devoted to virtue, so the piety which breathes in your writings inclines me to judge you most favourably. Your poem has given me the greatest gratification. . . . I admire the happy choice of expressions, the force of thought, the harmony and variety, which distinguish every part. The labour which it must have cost is scarcely perceived, so happily is it veiled under the lustre of its beauties. I regret only one thing in it, and that is, that the brevity of the explanation sometimes causes a slight degree of obscurity; yet even this occurs but seldom. You may, perhaps, remind me of the example of Lucretius, who has been your model. But the passages to which I allude are not those which are obscure in themselves, and thus find their excuse in the very nature of things. They are rather the more common-place subjects, which are rendered with too much conciseness, and which

require to be treated with more amplitude. Yet these are but very slight blemishes, which ought not to cause you any uneasiness. As the gnarled knots of the oak add to its beauty, as moles do not take away the charm of a lovely face, so the imperfections which I have observed, may, perhaps, appear to others one merit the more; and may seem a happy artifice thus appropriately to condense the easy and flowing style of your work. As to the merit of the composition, it is beyond all praise; and I have not for many years read anything of the same kind which has pleased me more. . . . It shows you to be an orator as well as a poet.”*

Bembo and Maffei did not fail to welcome the first work of Paleario, which promised to give to Italy both a religious poet and an eloquent writer. Giovanni Battista Pigna, one of the literary men at the court of Este, and secretary of Duke Hercules II., addressed a few verses to Paleario, written in the favourite style of the Renaissance, of which the following is a translation:—“Aonio, worthy favourite of the Muses, what charming books Ricci has offered me in thy name! They cause me but one regret; the more I read them, the more I wish to read them again, and I am never weary of relishing their beauties. Thou showest in this poem the destiny of the

* “Te non poetam magis quam oratorem esse statuo.”—Sadoleti, *Epist. Famil.*, ann. 1536.

immortal soul ; and ages, in their turn, will show the immortality of thy name.”*

It was under the auspices of these illustrious friends that Paleario intended to settle in Tuscany. The ties which united him to the family of Bellanti became closer every day. Fausto and Acrisio, the sons of Antonio Bellanti, whose cause he had so courageously pleaded, became his pupils, and showed him an attachment truly filial. He was warmly welcomed in the villas of the noblest families, the Chigi, the Spannochi, the Tolomei ; and he had reason to hope for a chair of literature or of eloquence in the University of Siena, then flourishing again under the administration of the Spaniards. One of the neighbouring cities had already spontaneously offered him the honour of citizenship. Colle, with its feudal towers, its shady ravines, through which flowed gushing streams, losing themselves in the valley of the Elsa, was a residence worthy of a poet. Yielding to the solicitations of his friends, he bought an estate in the neighbourhood. This was the villa of Cecignano, formerly the property of the Aulus Cecina, for whom Cicero had pleaded. Situated three miles from Colle, on the road

* G. B. Pignæ *Carmina*, lib. iii. p. 81. See also Bart. Riccii *Epist.*, lib. iv. p. 393. There exists an elegant Italian translation of Paleario's poem, published in 1766, at Venice, by the Abbé Pastori.

to Volterra, on the summit of a plateau whose slopes are watered by a small stream,* this residence offered to the poet pure air, and the peaceful calm of a country life. Although he had bought it at rather too high a price, and had been obliged to contract a debt which long harassed him, he yet loved Cecignano, and lived there happily with the companionship of his books. "Do not despise," wrote he to Vettori, "my humble dwelling. It ought to have a twofold recommendation in your eyes, from the purity of the air which we breathe here, and the presence of a man who feels for you as much affection as respect. Colle is not far distant, where you may find agreeable repose, if you are weary of the hurry of business and the cares of life. It was the custom of the philosophers and orators of antiquity sometimes to hide themselves from the eyes of the public in an obscure retreat. Why not imitate their example? Do not make the objection that you have, near Florence, suburban villas, to which our rustic habitations cannot be compared. No one, assuredly, can dispute the magnificence of these aristocratic residences. But their nearness to the city does not permit one to enjoy the silence and repose which is necessary. Troublesome guests come in crowds—some curious to know what you

* The little stream *de' Fosci*, which rises near the village of Bottino, and falls into the Elsa, near Poggibonsi.

are doing, others wearying you with their dull and fruitless talk. There is nothing of the kind to be feared at Cecignano, unless you are afraid, with too good reason, to find there a friend so fascinated with the charms of your conversation, that he will not be able to leave you a single instant alone." *

A letter, written many years afterwards, informs us how Cecignano was improved by its new master. The house was situated on a terrace, with a southern aspect, which was laid out with artistic taste, and which commanded a most extensive and magnificent view—Monte-Miccioli and Casole, the advanced guard of the Maremma, and the picturesque town of San Gemignano rising among the mountains, with its embattled walls, and its towers, which look as if they had been built by the hands of giants. On the eastern side, near a slope now bare, but then planted with oaks, a fresh spring gushed forth. As a graceful memorial, he gave it the name of *Aganippe*. Its waters were received in a basin as they sprung from the earth, and were thence distributed over the grounds. An avenue winding in this direction offered an agreeable promenade to visitors. A few benches, well placed, invited them to repose. The following inscription, in elegant verse, engraved on the

* "Qui a latere nunquam discedet, avidissimus jucundissimæ consuetudinis tuæ."—*Opera*, p. 498.

marble over the spring, reminded them of the kind care taken by the master of the mansion :—

“This spring, whose waters, purer than crystal, gush forth before your eyes, could scarcely have flowed along a bed grown up with moss, without the help of a Naiad of the Abruzzi, arrived expressly among the Tuscan Apennines. She it is who has traced the course of the stream, that all may say, ‘This is the garden, not of the Hesperides, but of the Aonides.’” *

Thus, among the Sabine hills, forgetting Rome and Tibur, Horace sang of his humble dwelling, the object of his wishes, and its spring gushing from beneath the shade of a wood. Like him, Paleario dreamed of days free from storms, in the fields of Cecina, which were coloured with a reflection from the glory of Cicero. Three centuries have passed away! The ashes of the poet have been scattered to the winds; his house has fallen to ruin; the inscription has disappeared; but the spring flows on still, as in the time of Paleario, meet emblem of the continuance of nature, and of the brevity

* “*Quem pellucidula manantem cernitis unda
Fons hinc muscosis obsitus iret aquis,
Ni Tuscos propere colles visura tulisset
Cecinæ campis Hernica Nais opem.
Deduxit rivos ne quisquam diceret hortos
Hesperidum posthac esse, sed Aonidum.*”

In the word Aonides, Paleario plays upon his name Aonio.

of the life of man, who leaves not even a trace in the places where he has dwelt !

It is easy for us to reconstruct and picture to ourselves the daily life of Paleario, from his familiar correspondence, which breathes such a living odour of classic



antiquity and of rural poesy. "What is wanting to my happiness," writes he to Sadoletto, "since Cecignano has been mine ? I have for a neighbour a man whom you love, Luca di Volterra, the old Bishop of Anagni. All the time which he can spare from prayer and holy services he devotes to sacred literature, or to the study

of works which treat of agriculture; and his whole happiness consists in cultivating with his own hands his small domain, always adorned with flowers or fruits. Luca is a true Christian. Although he has filled the highest offices, he is so free from ambition, that nothing equals in his eyes the charm of a life, flowing peacefully on, in a country home. Agriculture seems to him the employment most worthy of the faculties of an independent man, and the pleasantest relaxation for a scholar seeking tranquillity and repose. I readily apply to him this saying from Xenophon: 'You have a just right to be happy, since to you happiness is only another name for virtue.' So I return very often to Cecignano. I am never weary of enjoying the beauty of the country, and the society of a man who loves you as much as I do."* The conversations between the two hermits, which turned now upon literature, now upon politics, now upon religion, were perfectly free from rigidity. The old Bishop of Anagni, a man who had retired from the world, and was devoted to a life of celibacy, yet dreamed for his friend of the joys of domestic life, which he himself had never known. He urged Paleario to marry; and this advice, disguised

* "Quare frequens sum in Ceciniano, ut loci amœnitate et hominis bene docti tuique amantissimi sermonibus perfruar."—*Opera*, p. 490.

under the most ingenious forms, gave rise to controversies, in which the names of St. Paul, of Augustine, and of Jovinian were learnedly quoted for and against married life.

It seems that Paleario's hesitation on this subject had its origin in scruples of the most exalted kind. Although he had never thought of entering the church, yet he deemed celibacy to be a life both more holy and more free than marriage, when divided between devotion to literature and the duties of religion. It was the bishop, Ennio Philonardi, his former protector, who proved to him, by the testimonies of the Fathers and of the apostolic writers, that "marriage is a state honourable in all." He had no difficulty in allowing himself to be convinced, as he honestly confesses in one of his letters:—"I said to myself, not without reason, I am a stranger in Tuscany, without home or friends; I am nearly thirty-four, and my health, often delicate, requires great care. Why should I not marry a young, well-educated girl, of good family, a native of the country?—since my only wish is to live in my beloved retreat at Cecignano, as the members of the municipality load me with honours, and all here charms me—the purity of the air, the elegance of the mansions, the pleasant society of the inhabitants, and the near neighbourhood of Siena and of Florence."*

* *Opera*, p. 488.

The choice of the poet was fixed on a young girl of Colle, named Marietta Guidotti, who, on account of her rare qualities, was well worthy of his affection. He married her in the month of September, 1538. The witnesses of the marriage were Francesco Cerboni, of Colle; the noble Sienese, Ambrogio Spannochi; and Doctor Marco Casali, of San-Gemignano.*

The years which followed the marriage of Paleario were the happiest of his life. Respected and honoured by all around him; occupied during the winter at Siena with the education of young men of distinction, among whom were numbered the Bellanti and the Placidi; dividing his hours of leisure between literary composition and agricultural labours, from which he rested at the side of a beloved companion, who presented him with several children, he also kept up an epistolary correspondence with the most illustrious of his contemporaries—Bembo, Sadoletto, Vettori—who lavished on him testimonies of their affection. Bembo offered, with the most anxious kindness, to get the poem *On Immortality* sent to Ferdinand, king of the Romans, by means of the nuncio Vergerio. Sadoletto advised the

* Marietta's dowry was 600 florins. "M. Aonio di Matteo Paleari per la dote della Marietta figlia di Agostino Guidotti e sua donna di fiorini 600 deve pagare lire 40."—6 Sept. 1538. MS. of Arch. of Colle.

publisher, Gryphius, of Lyons, to reprint this work, bestowing, at the same time, the greatest praise upon its author; and the noble Roman, Mellini, replied to one of his letters in these words:—"I know not which of us has been the more ready to wish for the friendship of the other. My only regret is, that I have allowed you to precede me in the expression of this wish. . . . It has hitherto been enough for me to breathe the odour of your virtues, to enjoy unmixed pleasure in reading your writings, and to feel equally inclined to admire and to love you. Therefore be assured, that you will not only obtain among us the same degree of esteem and honour which was bestowed on their clients by the illustrious Romans of immortal memory, but that you will here occupy a place proportioned to your merits among the members of the spiritual family, who are bound together by a community of studies and of thought. You are no stranger to me, but an old friend, welcome to the domestic hearth, and even to the very sanctuary of the heart."* The correspondence of Paleario is full of these testimonies. To the list of his friends and admirers we may add the names of Robortello, of Lucca; of Alberto Lollio, of Ferrara, who dedicated to him his work upon the Tuscan language; and of Marc Antonio

* "Tibi non primas benevolentiae fores, sed amantissimi animi adyta esse reserata."—Pal., *Opera*, p. 484.

Flaminio, the author of beautiful sacred hymns, whose approval, as a poet, was doubly flattering to the rival of Sannazar and of Vida.

Among the correspondents of Paleario must be also mentioned the learned commentator on Dante and on Aristotle, Professor Francesco Verini, of Florence. Bound to Vettori by tender friendship, he accompanied him in his excursions to Certaldo, the country of Boccaccio, and to San-Gemignano, where they were welcomed with cordial hospitality by Marco Casali, an old man worthy to receive such guests under his roof. Paleario hastened to take advantage of the neighbourhood of such friends. Setting off on horseback in the morning from Colle, or from Cecignano, he spent hours, which seemed to him only too short, in their society; and, returning in the evening, he reviewed in his mind the principal incidents of the conversation in which he had taken part, and which almost always turned upon the most exalted themes—the soul, its mysterious relations to the body, and its immortal destiny. In his keen love of truth, he attempted to solve these questions by the arguments of natural reason; and, acknowledging their insufficiency, he appealed to religion for the solution of the enigma which philosophy cannot explain. From that time the study of theology absorbed all his attention. “Theology,” said he, “has true and con-

solatory answers for all our doubts. It supplies divine food for thought, and a noble motive for action. It opens to our hearts a true source of peace, of confidence, and of felicity. Happy are men when they know how to distinguish the pure light from the darkness with which malice and ignorance have obscured it.”* We find the same thoughts repeated in a letter from Paleario to Paolo Sadoletto, the nephew of the cardinal; and they were very frequently the subject of his conversation with a few chosen friends—Verini, Vettori, and the pious Bishop of Cavaillon, Mario Maffei, originally from Volterra.

With his enthusiasm for antiquity, mingled with religious aspirations, Paleario appears to us at this time as the personification of the literary men of the Renaissance, to whom learning was the great object of life. But whilst some of these, devoted without relaxation to the labours of erudition, and thinking only of reviving ancient literature, seemed strangers to their own time, whose sorrows they forgot in a selfish contemplation of the past—others, inspired by more generous sentiments, considered literary revival only as an instrument to awaken in all hearts the worship of the holy and of the beautiful; to popularize useful truths, and to reform,

* “Habent suasiones graves et sinceræ et dulces quibus nihil est divinius.”—*Opera*, p. 500.

at the same time, the church and society. Inspired with the noble ambition which calls forth at the right time an Arnold of Brescia, or a Savonarola, and will give birth, perhaps in our day, to an Italian Luther, they detached themselves from the group of mere Cicero-nians—learned men uninterested in other things—and passed on from meditation to action. Paleario was one of this number. Enthusiastic and pure-minded, fascinated by an ideal which is not to be found on earth, but which it is glorious to seek after, by self-denial and sacrifice, he could not remain a stranger to the noblest pursuit of his time; and the second half of his life seems to be a realization of this thought:—"The prize of life does not lie in scholarship, but in struggle and trial. Thus, in the Olympic Games, it was neither the handsomest nor the most brilliant wrestler that was crowned, but he who fought the best, and came forth conqueror from the arena!"

CHAPTER III.

THE REFORMATION IN ITALY.

It is the privilege of revolutionary epochs, which are fruitful in results, to raise up men worthy of the part which is assigned to them by Providence, and to cast even over secondary personages a reflection, as it were, of the grandeur of contemporary events. If these epochs are specially remarkable for the revival of faith, and for that enthusiasm for the truth which produces great sacrifices; if in the drama, full of exciting changes, which they unfold before our eyes, religion, recovering her empire, renews the souls, strengthens the characters, and imprints on the actions of men that stamp of heroism and austerity which so strongly contrasts with the effeminate habits of centuries of scepticism and refinement; then humanity, rising above herself, appears to us by turns in a series of representatives in whom are centred all her powers. Beliefs and passions, crimes and virtues, conflicts, weaknesses, the sacrifice of life to duty, are all clothed in dazzling colours; everything assumes an aspect of tragic grandeur in harmony with the spirit of the generation which occupies the scene of history. Such

appears to us the character of the period which may be called, more than any other, the Heroic age of the modern world ; because, notwithstanding its intolerance—a sad legacy from the Middle Ages—it was marked by the love of truth, and endured the noble sufferings inseparable from the triumph of justice here below. The age of the Renaissance was also that of the Reformation ; and, whatever may be the faults which disfigure it, much may be pardoned to a generation who were so ready to suffer martyrdom, and who can place in opposition to the dark figure of a Philip II. the pure soul of a Jane Grey, the noble mind of a L'Hôpital or of a Coligny !

The very mention of these names calls up before us the history of that great revolution, which, detaching the Northern Nations, Germany and Switzerland, from union with Rome, exciting divisions in England, agitating France, transformed the principal states of Europe, and left none entirely beyond the effects of its influence. Italy herself, closely united as she was with the destinies of the papacy, did not remain a stranger to the revival which was to produce elsewhere its noblest fruits and its most durable conquests. This land of arts and of poetry, the love of which had received new life from the Renaissance, steeped in doubt, amid the splendours of genius which decorated her palaces and her churches, was startled by the voice of Luther,

thundering against abuses, and demanding at Worms the rights of conscience. The copies of his writings, which issued by thousands from the press of Bâle, circulating from hand to hand, were read with avidity in the Peninsula. "Be assured," wrote some one from Venice to George Spalatinus, the chaplain of the Elector of Saxony, "that the name of Dr. Martin Luther is held in high esteem in this city. But they say everywhere, Let him beware of the pope."* The portrait of the Reformer, painted by Lucas Kranach, and reproduced in the engravings of the time, was exhibited to the eyes of the crowd, and gave rise to the most enthusiastic remarks. "If the only beauty worthy of the name is that of the soul, what art, O Luther, could express thy immortal features, rehearse the accents of thy manly eloquence? At thy voice, resounding throughout the Christian world, superstition takes flight, and, for evils which seemed incurable, a divine remedy is found. Courage, then, magnanimous Luther! the word which thou proclaimest is our salvation; and thy writings, thy speeches, have already destroyed more monsters than were ever strangled by the hand of Hercules."† This homage, rendered to the Reformer

* "Dicunt autem: Caveat sibi a pontifice."—Seckendorf, *Hist. Luth.*, book i. p. 115, ann. 1520.

† Schelhorn, *Amanitates Hist. Eccl.*, vol. ii. p. 624.

by an acute and intellectual people, whose moral wounds he had probed to the utmost, was only an expression of the unsatisfied desires which secretly tormented many souls ; and the amusing anecdote of the book published by Melancthon, under the *nom de plume* of "Messer Ippofilo de Terra Negra," and read with admiration by the members of the Sacred College, then rejected with horror as proceeding from a Lutheran pen, well depicts the state of the church, and of the pontifical court itself—not concealing from themselves the extent of the evil and the necessity for a remedy, but not daring to accept a true reformation.

However this may be, the opinions of the Reformers found an echo in a great number of the cities of Lombardy, where the distance from Rome and the more frequent communication with Germany and Switzerland were favourable to the emancipation of thought. From the year 1524, Milan received and welcomed the preachers of the new doctrine ; meetings were held at a very early period in Venice, Padua, Vicenza, and Verona, where the gospel was read and freely commented on. The Venetian, Paolo Rosselli, thus wrote to Melancthon, during the conferences at Augsburg :—"All Italy is looking with anxiety for the results of your assembly. You ought, then, to stand firm, and not desert the standard of the truth, whether

they employ threats, promises, or entreaties, to make you swerve from it. Think, I beseech you, of the salvation of so many men, whose eyes are fixed upon you, and do not abandon the cause of Christ.”* Modena, the country of Sadoletto, was initiated into Lutheran doctrines by Louis de Castelvetro; whilst the court of Ferrara saw unfolding within it a spiritual revival, inaugurated by Calvin himself, under the auspices of an illustrious princess, the sister-in-law of Francis I. Florence, still stirred with the remembrance of Savonarola, gave birth to Antonio Bruccioli, the translator of the Bible into the vulgar tongue; and to Peter Martyr, whose eloquent voice was to preach at Naples pure doctrines and a reformation without schism. Under this enchanting sky, whose smile is not without sadness, shining as it does upon the degradation of a people worthy of a better fate, there is room for the superstitions of the crowd, an enduring paganism which flourishes under the name of Christianity, and for the aspirations of a few nobler souls after an unknown God. Mystic in the south, rationalistic in the north, the Reformation in Tuscany participated of this two-fold spirit, and there made rapid progress, thanks to

* Cælestini, *Act. Comit. Aug.*, vol. ii. p. 274. (Letter of the 30th July, 1530.) Mac-Crie, *History of the Reformation in Italy*.

the circumstances which now specially call for our attention.

One of the first missionaries of the Reformation in Italy was Juan de Valdez, a Spanish gentleman, one of the retinue of Charles V., and secretary to the vice-king of Naples.* Educated at the University of Alcalá, and charged with several missions in Germany, he had read the writings of Luther, as well as the books of the pious doctors, Tauler, Ruysbrock, and Gerson, who, either in the world or in the cloister, dreaming of a purer faith, had traced the rules of a spiritual life, founded on a union of the soul with God. The piety of Valdez was formed under these different influences, mingling ascetic fervour with the freedom of belief drawn from the study of the Holy Scriptures. Although he had commented, not without depth, on the Epistles of St. Paul, and composed the book of the *Divine Considerations*, whose success was very great, his mission was exercised less by his writings than by his conversation, the effect of which was so much the more powerful, as his personal graces enhanced the vivid impression produced by his words. Contemporary writers are unanimous in their admiration of the qualities which rendered him in a

* "Cavaliere di Cesare, mà piu honorato e splendido cavaliere di Cristo."—Preface by Curione, at the beginning of the Italian translation of *Divine Considerations*, 1 vol., 12mo., Bâle, 1560.

short time the idol of Neapolitan society. His pale face, expressive of the serenity of his soul, as if absorbed in contemplation of the invisible world; his black eyes, whose brilliancy was softened by an expression of gentleness and love; the urbanity of his manners, the insinuating charm of his words, the purity of his life,—all concurred in winning for him an extraordinary ascendancy over the minds of men. The most distinguished men, the most brilliant women, flocked around him; and in this select circle, where youth, beauty, and genius shone with equal splendour, he seemed destined to fulfil a mission to which he was called both by his superior talents and by a vocation from on high.*

In the first rank among the members of this intellectual and polished society,—where shone Vittoria Colonna, Marchioness of Pescara, the poet Flaminio, the Marquis of Vico, and the protonotary Carnesecchi, the predestined martyr of the new doctrine in Italy,—two men were specially remarkable, whose names will ever remain inseparably connected with the efforts for a Reformation in the Peninsula. Both natives of Tuscany, they brought to the service of this great cause well-

* “Pareva che costui fosse da Dio dato per dottore e pastore di persone nobili e illustri. . . .”—Preface by Curione, already quoted.

tried talents and unblemished virtue. The diversity of their gifts increased the power of their apostolate. One was to the learned what the other was to the people. Born in Florence of rich and noble parents, and endowed with the most amiable character, Peter Martyr Vermigli pursued his studies in company with the most distinguished young men of the Republic—Ricci, Capponi, Francesco de' Medici, nephew of Cosmo—towards whom he was inspired with a warm affection. The most brilliant prospects were opening before him, when, seized suddenly by one of those fits of melancholy and devotion which lead fervent minds to the cloister, he bade adieu to the world, notwithstanding his mother's tears, to enter, at the age of sixteen, the monastery of Fiésolo. He passed three years there as a novice before entering the University of Padua, where, under the direction of the most able masters, he studied the monuments both of sacred and profane antiquity—with both of which he became familiar—and acquired the art of oratory.* Appointed preacher of his order—that of the Augustinian monks—he acquitted himself in this office with the greatest success, and obtained much reputation for the solidity of his learning and the gravity of his

* "Ut non modo Græcos oratores et philosophos, sed poetas quoque intelleret."—Simler, *Oratio de Vitâ et Obitû Petri Martyris*. Zurich, 1563.

eloquence. His services were not unacknowledged. When scarcely twenty-six, he was elected Abbot of Spoleto, a title which he soon exchanged for that of Prior of S. Pietro ad Aram, one of the richest benefices in Italy. In possession of a dignity which almost equalled the episcopate, beloved by the monks of his order, esteemed by the most eminent prelates—Contarini, Pole, Fregoso, whose favour smoothed his way to ecclesiastical preferment—nothing that he could desire seemed wanting; when a sudden change in his belief gave an unexpected turn to his destiny. Some writings by Bucer, published under the *nom de plume* of "Aretius Felinus," fell into his hands. He could not read them without imbibing doubts, which were confirmed by the treatise of Zwinglius, *De Verâ et Falsâ Religione*, and which were not dispelled by a more attentive study of the gospel. He struggled long, in the secrecy of his own heart, before he could detach himself from a creed he had held in reverence; and, if he did not till a much later period separate from a church whose abuses he had discerned, it was doubtless because he did not despair of seeing an internal reformation effected without division, and of contributing, perhaps, to secure its success.

The history of Ochino presents vivid contrasts with, and at the same time singular analogies to, that of Peter Martyr. Ochino was born at Siena, in 1487. While

still very young, he was seized by an intense desire to gain heaven by a life of self-denial and austerity. He entered the order of the Franciscans, which at first appeared to him the most severe of all; but not long after quitted it to follow the much more rigorous rule of the Capuchins. But, like Luther, he was destined to learn by experience the utter powerlessness of monastic practices to quiet a conscience tortured by conviction of sin. When he had multiplied his fasts and his penances, when he had long lain prostrate before the most sacred images, without obtaining an answer to his prayers, he mournfully exclaimed, "Lord, if now I am not saved, I know not what more to do."* It was not till a later period that he felt the joy of free pardon, and knew that true peace which is the fruit of a humble trust in the mercy of God through Christ. But, at the time of which we speak, Fra Bernardino was still but an obscure monk, devoted to the observances of a worship without spirituality. He was a powerful preacher, whose name, repeated by all the echoes of fame, had resounded throughout the principal cities of the Peninsula. Since Savonarola, no orator had displayed a power to be compared with his—whether, when reconciled to each other by his

* "Mi ricordo che dissi a Cristo: Signore, se hora non mi salvo, non so che farmi più."—*Lettere*: MS. in the library of Siena.

voice, the inhabitants of Perugia promised to renounce their political enmities; whether, when under the dome of St. Mark, he held a whole city captive by the charm of his words; or when, preaching at Naples for a work of charity, he collected the enormous sum of five thousand crowns. Charles V. said, after hearing him, "This man would make the stones weep." Bembo could not sufficiently praise the manly, yet simple eloquence, which clothed the highest truths in language as easily understood by the ignorant as by the learned, by the small as well as by the great of this world.* It is true that everything in the personal bearing of Ochino added to the mysterious power of his eloquence—the noblest gift bestowed on man: his imposing stature, his hair prematurely blanched by the fatigues of his ministry, his austere countenance, his life conformed to his doctrine. In order to obtain a sermon from him, it was necessary to negotiate as for a grave affair of state; and when, clothed in the humble dress of his order, he arrived in a city, honours were lavished on him which are usually reserved for the most distinguished personages. Such a man could not appear in Naples without exciting the most vivid interest in all classes of the population; and, soon after his arrival, he was united by the ties of a pious friendship to Valdez and to Peter Martyr.

* Bembo, *Lettere* vol. iv. p. 108.

Thus early was formed the evangelical triumvirate, which, to use the expression of a contemporary historian, "wrested more adherents from the Romish church than had perished by the armies of Bourbon." Yet Valdez and his friends did not openly attack the Romish doctrines; they carefully abstained from all controversy. Their followers imitated this example. Sometimes assembled at the Chiaja, on the slopes of Pausilippo, or seated around the pulpit of S. Giovanni Maggiore or of S. Pietro ad Aram, where the eloquent voices of Ochino and of Peter Martyr were heard, they were distinguished by a severe demeanour, a pure morality, and devoted themselves to making known a few of the most vital truths, the influence of which might form a new people, and prepare for the restoration of spiritual worship. The fall of man; the offer of pardon through Jesus Christ; the work of the Holy Spirit in the heart;—such were the points particularly set forth in their discourses. Their efforts were not fruitless. "This new mode of preaching," says Giannone, "by strongly exciting all minds, gave rise to many discussions on the Holy Scriptures, on justification by faith or by works, and on purgatory; and questions before reserved for theologians alone, in the seclusion of the schools, now became public property. They were discussed by laymen, and even by men ignorant of theology and literature. Nay, more; even the

humblest artisans were seized with a desire to reason upon these subjects, to comment on the Epistles of St. Paul, to discourse on the most obscure points; and thus heresy, daily making fresh progress, is over-spreading the kingdom of Naples, as it has already done several countries in Italy.”*

This passage is confirmed by the report of the inquisitors to Paul III. “In a few years, the poison infected a very large number of persons, men as well as women, the common people as well as the nobles.”† The belief of the people was shaken in the doctrines most prized by the Romish church—fasting, purgatory, and indulgences; and the free salvation offered to sinners by Divine grace became the consolation of many souls who had hitherto trusted in the merits of saints. The death of Valdez, in 1540, did not arrest the movement, the full extent of which he had not perhaps foreseen. The remembrance of the master, graven on the hearts of his disciples, was associated with the scenery of the place which had been his home:—“Florence is very beautiful,” wrote Bonfadio, “but is it not Naples,—with the soft loveliness of its sky, its enchanting situation, its shore where dwells perpetual spring, where nature lovingly displays

* Giannone, *Istoria di Napoli*, vol. iv. bk. xxxii. p. 60 and following pages.

† Caracciolo, *Vita di Paolo IV.* (MS. in the British Museum).

her grandeur and smiles in majesty,—that gives us the idea of perfect beauty? Would that it might please God to permit us to be reunited there as we used to be; though, to say the truth, I can scarcely venture to form such a wish since Valdez is dead! His death is a great loss, not only to us, but to the whole world: for Valdez was one of the most remarkable personages in Europe, as is attested by the writings which he has left behind him. In his words, his actions, and all his thoughts, he showed himself to be a most accomplished man. With a portion of his strong soul he sustained his weak body, emaciated by suffering. But the noblest part of himself—his fine understanding—detached by anticipation from earthly ties, was absorbed in contemplation of the truth. I mingle my tears with those of Flaminio, whom Valdez loved and admired beyond all others.”* This fine eulogium does not seem to be sufficiently justified by the writings of Valdez. A mystical theologian, he had neither the mildness of Gerson, nor the fire of Saint Theresa. His influence can be explained only by supposing it to have been one of those wondrous gifts whose irresistible effect on his contemporaries remains a secret to posterity.

However this may be, the work of Valdez did not perish with him. Propagated by Ochino and Peter

* Bonfadio à Carnesecchi, *Lettere Volgari* (Aldine edition, p. 33).

Martyr, it continued to make progress in the south of Italy. We find traces of it even in the effusions of a monk of Monte Cassino, named Battista Folengi. "What a truly admirable spectacle," exclaims he, "may be seen in our day! Women, whose minds are generally more inclined to vanity than to learning, seem now to have their hearts filled with the truths of salvation; and men belonging to the humblest classes, even common soldiers, present us with a pattern of Christian life. Age truly worthy to be called golden! In the Campagna, where I am now writing, the most learned preacher might improve both in knowledge and holiness from a conversation with some of these women, so well versed in sacred literature. I observed the same thing in Mantua, my native country. What an abundant effusion of the Holy Spirit they have received from the God of all goodness! What fervour! What piety among these humble handmaidens, adorned with the incorruptible crown given them by their Redeemer! I hear that in a great number of cities their whole pleasure consists in going privately to prayer-meetings, in visiting the sick, in dressing the most disgusting sores with their delicate hands, which seem better fitted to weave a wedding wreath. When I hear these things, I am filled with delight and admiration, and I ask myself what wonders we may expect after such astonishing

manifestations of faith and of charity.”* Battista Folengi, the author of this beautiful extract, taken from a commentary on the Psalms, which sometimes reminds us of the *Imitation of Christ*, is but little known to us. His life is enveloped in painful mystery. When, at the age of sixty-two, he finished his book, the fruit of his exile, bathed more than once with his tears,† he consoled himself amid his sufferings by looking forward to the dawn of a brighter day for the church. From the heights of Monte Cassino, as from another Pisgah, he viewed the promised land into which he was not to be permitted to enter.

The Reformation in Naples is closely connected with that of Tuscany, which still cherished the memory of Savonarola. Forty years had passed away since the death of the eloquent Dominican; but his memory was enshrined in all hearts, and his name, celebrated by Fra Benedetto, one of his disciples, was an object of deepest veneration to those pious souls who were longing for the regeneration of the church. This was the dream of Peter Martyr and of Ochino, both children of Tuscany.

* “Totus sane horreo cum hæc commentor, pavidusque quem finem istius modi sortiri velit novitas expecto.”—J. B. Folengii *Commentarii in Psalterium Davidis*. 4to. Bâle, 1557, p. 388.

† “En nostri exilii fructus, en partus nemorum, en fidei meæ confessio.”—*Ibid*, Dedication, Ides of December, 1542.

Whilst the first, leaving Naples, founded in Lucca an evangelical congregation, whose destinies we shall afterwards trace, the second travelled incessantly all over Italy; and, in the course of his brilliant missions to Florence and to Venice, he frequently visited Siena, his native country. The archives of the State contain numerous appeals addressed to Ochino, together with his replies, which breathe the most ardent love for his native soil.* During his retreats in the monasteries belonging to his order near the city, he received numerous visitors, who all withdrew from these interviews, equally struck by the purity of his doctrine and the holiness of his life. Paleario could not see him and hear him without admiring him, as is proved by the noble homage which he renders in several of his writings to the almost superhuman virtue of the man whose praise was then in every mouth.† The influence of Ochino over his fellow-countrymen was equal to his popularity. In the ranks of the clergy as in those of the university, among the citizens as among the nobles, the Reformation made great progress, as was afterwards proved by numerous emigrations. "Siena and Florence,"

* "Per essere lo amor della patria justo e santo," etc.—Letter, dated 20th May, 1542. Arch. of Siena, *Lettere*, vol. xxxii.

† "Summa admiratione colebatur hujus viri incredibilis quaedam et divina virtus."—*Opera*, pp. 103, 105, 194.

said an inquisitor, "were only too deeply infected with heresy."* The country of Ochino was also that of Lactanzio Rangone, of Mino de Celsa, one of the first advocates of toleration and of the Socini.

Paleario must have early felt the breath of the new spirit which led from the revival of letters to that of religion. Born in a pious family, educated with a deep respect for doctrines which the teaching of the church and the continued assent of past generations had, by degrees, blended with the faith of the early ages, he did not separate in his fervent devotions the adoration of our Lord Jesus Christ from the filial obedience he imagined to be due to his (self-styled) vicar. The pope seemed to Paleario the representative of God himself, the interpreter of truth, constantly giving forth his oracles from the chair of St. Peter. The spectacle presented by the court of Rome was not calculated to confirm these ingenuous impressions of childhood, developed in the heart of the youth by the lessons of Philonardi. What a contrast, for a thinking mind, between the life of St. Paul and that of an Alexander VI., or of a Julius II.! Opposite the Colosseum—the scene of the bloody baptism of the church, above the catacombs, the witnesses of her hidden life, and of her glorious victory

* "Siena e Firenze furono assai piene d'eresie."—Caracciolo, *Vita di Paolo IV.*, MS. already quoted.

after three centuries of suffering—might be seen pomps and festivities which seemed borrowed from the paganism which she had overcome! Corruption, in forms both refined and gross, displaying itself in all classes of the hierarchy, and even in the ranks of the Sacred College; Imperia, a woman of the very worst character, the Aspasia of the Renaissance, receiving honours almost divine; religion appearing like one ruin the more, in the city of ruins! We know the impression produced upon Luther by this society, alike superstitious and impious, abandoned to all kinds of disorder and vice. Having entered Rome a monk, he left it a Reformer. Paleario was not less saddened by the sight of these saturnalia, the remembrance of which, doubtless, haunted him when he wrote the following lines, which recall some of Luther's most vehement invectives:—"In Rome demoralization is paraded everywhere, and the pontiffs do not blush to levy a tax on immorality as well as upon usury. There are everywhere exactions, violence, simony, rapes, the sale and purchase of sacred things, and, in a word, abominations so monstrous, that whoever is animated by the spirit of Jesus Christ, may clearly read these words on the front of the Escorial: 'Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth'" (Rev. xvii. 5).*

* This language differs but little from that of the pious

It is true that this accusing cry burst from the heart of Paleario* only after many years of inward conflict, of incessant prayers for the reformation of the church, and of hopes always deceived. His letters only half reveal to us the secret of this painful history, which was that of more than one of his contemporaries.

But Paleario was not a man to mourn over the declension of the church without trying to find a remedy. Tracing the abuses to their source, he believed that he had discovered the cause of the evil in the neglect of the Holy Scriptures, in the forsaking of apostolic injunctions, and in the ignorance of the clergy, interposing themselves between God and believers. Paleario hesitated not to point out this cause. In a letter to Paul Sadoletto, nephew of the cardinal, we find these words :—“I shall tell you, my dear Paul, with my accustomed frankness, there is a race of men, addicted to fraud, and every kind of vice, who, either from ostentation, or from interested motives, have delighted in obscuring truths

Adrian VI. : “Scimus in hac sanctâ sede aliquot jam annis multa abominanda fuisse,” etc.; and from the report addressed in 1537 to Pope Paul III. : “Consilium delectorum cardinalium et aliorum prælatorum de emendandâ ecclesiâ” (pp. 26, 57). The authenticity of this embarrassing paper, at first attributed to a Protestant pen, has been acknowledged by Cardinal Quirini.—See M'Crie, pp. 85, 86.

* *Opera*, p. 430.

more brilliant than the light of the sun. If the treasures of human learning had alone been adulterated in their hands, one might easily pardon them; but, approve it who may, no right-thinking man could bear that the treasure of Divine revelation itself—that is to say, our life, our light, the guarantee of our immortal destiny—should disappear under vain disputes, and the voluminous contentions to which they devote themselves! There are men who, like the birds of night, delight only in darkness. The light of day offends their eyes. Do not try to cure their blindness; all your efforts would be fruitless.”*

It is the same complaint, which is breathed with not less energy, in a letter to Antonio Philonardi, nephew of Ennio, appointed to the bishopric of Veroli. “I am not ignorant that for centuries the deepest darkness has obscured Christian philosophy, so that the name of Christ is, as it were, effaced from the memory of men by the fault of those who, wishing to display their own genius, have substituted for the preaching of the pure gospel vain questions, more worthy of sophists than of Christian preachers. It is for the bishop to remedy this evil, by the authority to which he is entitled, from the dignity

* “. . . Qui veluti nocturnæ in latebris gestientes, luce oblata ingemiscunt, a quibus ut inepti esse desinant non est requirendum.”—*Opera*, p. 486.

with which he is invested, the respect of the people and of the magistrates. It is for him to evangelize, to confide the ministry of the Word to men of sound doctrine and pure life: who love not disputes, but truth, who desire to proclaim nothing but the glory of Christ, the Son of God, in whom are hidden, according to St. Paul, all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.”* These two quotations reveal to us the tendencies of Paleario when he emerged from the struggle in which his faith had been so painfully tried; and his aspirations after a purified religion which should centre entirely in the work of Christ. To restore the empire of Christ in the souls of men—such is the work of a theology worthy of the name. The writings of Paleario will speak only of the glory of the Redeemer.

Paleario was confirmed in these sentiments by reading the works of foreign reformers. Judged by the light of his meditation and his experience, the Reformation appeared to him, not an act of incredulity, but of faith; not the negation of all authority, but the proclamation of an authority superior to that of man. The books of Luther, of Melancthon, and of Calvin excited his admiration, and the conformity of the more ancient fathers,

* “Non enim sum nescius id quanti sit, qui sciam nonnullas tenebras multis seculis esse offusas divinæ philosophiæ,” . . . — *Opera*, p. 508.

Irenæus, Origen, Ambrose, and Augustine, with the doctors of Germany and Switzerland, completed the work of conviction in his mind. From that time his choice was fixed. Like Ochino and his friends, he believed in the necessity of a renovation; but he hoped that it might be accomplished without violence, without schism, by the power alone of faith and love working within the soul. This was the epoch when reformatory tendencies were spreading everywhere; when the *Oratoire de l'Amour Divin* brought together the most distinguished prelates, to seek in meditation and prayer a remedy for the evils of the church; when several cardinals submitted to Pope Paul III. a plan of reform, in which existing abuses were energetically denounced. The conferences of Worms and of Ratisbon gave a solemn consecration to these earnest desires before the schism was irrevocably completed. Never did they appear nearer an understanding than at the conferences at Ratisbon; and never was the utter powerlessness of man to effect a reconciliation between principles radically opposite made more completely evident. The two rival churches appeared there, represented by their most celebrated doctors—Bucer, Melancthon, Calvin, on the side of the Protestants; Gropper, Julius Pflug, Eck, on the side of the Romanists. But the legate, Contarini, was the life of these pacific conferences. He was the most

pious of the members of the Sacred College, the founder of the *Oratoire*, where men of noble mind dreamed of a purified church, and of the reconciliation of parties by the diffusion of Christian love. For a moment this hope seemed on the point of being realized. The doctrine of justification by faith was proclaimed by the theologians of both parties ; and Pole, delighted with this unexpected agreement in opinion, wrote to Contarini :—"This intelligence has given me greater pleasure than I could have enjoyed from any celestial harmony." But the illusion was short-lived. Under the conciliatory language of men, there still remained the invincible disagreement between two churches, one of which took for her rule the authority of the Holy Scriptures, humbly read and studied by every believer ; and the other was regulated by the decisions of the pope, sitting at Rome, as the self-styled vicar of Christ. The concessions of Melancthon and his friends seemed excessive to Luther, who accused them of weakness. Contarini, before his return to Italy, was surprised by a disavowal which broke his heart. He was silent. But what must not such a man have suffered whose character was sufficiently exalted, and whose mind was sufficiently pure, to hope for the pacification of the opposite parties, and to sacrifice himself to such a design ! With him disappeared, never to return, the hope of a reconciliation

between the two opinions, which the appearance of Ignatius Loyola, and the foundation of the order of the Jesuits, were to render irreconcilable with each other.

The ill-success of the conferences of Ratisbon announced beforehand the small result that was to be expected of the council, imperiously demanded by Charles V., reluctantly conceded by Paul III., and convoked successively at Bologna, at Mantua, and at Trent. This temporizing pope—who thought of nothing but the aggrandizement of his own family, and who, after a conversation with Pole and Sadoletto, had a secret conference with astrologers—understood better than any one the importance of the crisis, and flattered himself he should be able to avert its dangers. But his reforming ideas did not go beyond a few insignificant concessions; and the promised council, continually delayed, was but the deceitful mirage intended to tranquillize differences of opinion. Paleario was not deceived by it; and, despairing of the sincerity of a reformation, accomplished by a power too much interested in the maintenance of abuses, he explained his views in a pamphlet addressed to the principal theologians of Germany and Switzerland. Boldly defying alike the episcopate and the papacy, he appealed to the representatives of the universal church, freely chosen by herself, the legitimate organs of her rights and of her wishes.

"It is the sad fate of us Italians," exclaimed he, eloquently, "to have no one of whom we can ask help in our distress; and, if we do find a protector, not to be able to call on him for support without a crime.* The intrigues of the papacy can deceive no one as to its intentions. Its object is to elude the wishes of the princes, by giving them apparent satisfaction. Notwithstanding his age and his feeble health, Paul III. knows no repose. He surrounds himself with clever men, and confers with them day and night. Jurists, men of business, politicians of consummate craft, theologians and sophists, eager for disputes, he summons them all together to his aid; he adjures them to maintain at any price the majesty of the Roman church, and the rights of the papacy, inseparable from those of the episcopate. Fortune, dignities, favours, nothing will be refused them, if they fully answer the expectations of Rome, if they show themselves quick to attack, inexhaustible in resources, and ready in defence. . . . What can we call this, if it is not corruption?† But we are not so unwise as to leave the great cause of the restoration of the church to the pope and to his agents. No! such important

* "Hæc miserrima est fortuna Italorum, quod neque a quibus implerent auxilium habent, neque si habeant, licet."—Schelhorn, *Amænit. Hist. Eccl.*, vol. i. p. 458.

† "Nam quid hoc est, nisi ambitus et largitio ad concilium corrumpendum."—*Ibid.*, pp. 448, 449.

interests cannot be completely given over to the bishops, who form, so to speak, but one body, of which all the members, yielding obedience to their chief, the Roman pontiff, maintain all that he approves, and receive from him impulse and life. Do not ask them to restrain a tyranny which they themselves help to exercise. Their only desire is to struggle to the utmost for the maintenance of abuses, as for their own personal property.”*

What, then, is the remedy for the evils which are destroying religious society? Paleario believes it is to be found in a return to the practice of the apostolic age, in a participation of all believers in the government of the church, in the organization of a Christian democracy capable of restraining the dissolute habits of the clergy. As in the days of Gerson and of John Huss, Christendom sighs for deliverance. The word “council” is in every mouth. But it is necessary that this assembly should not be an additional mistake. The election of its members must be regulated by the strictest rules, in order to secure for it the threefold character of independence, of universality, and of holiness, without which its work would be equally rejected by all parties. “By the order of the emperor, let princes and sovereign cities,

* “. . . Ut pro his tanquam pro aris et focis pugnent.”—Schelhorn, *Amanit. Hist. Eccl.*, vol. i. pp. 451, 452.

in England, in France, in Germany, in Spain, and in Italy, elect persons well instructed in sacred literature, and who cannot be suspected of connivance with Rome. Let this choice be made by universal suffrage among all classes of the Christian people, and be approved by the emperor as well as by the other monarchs interested. Let these delegates, in their turn, associate with themselves an equal number of deputies, chosen in the provinces; whilst the pope and the cardinals shall name twelve prelates of pure life and well-attested piety, to lay their hands on the members chosen, and pray that the Holy Spirit may be given them. Thus shall be constituted the supreme tribunal empowered to judge in all disputed questions, and to pronounce a final sentence. Besides, let every believer be permitted to appear before the council, to be present at the debates, and to offer humble petitions." Such was the plan, as new as it was bold, which was proposed by Paleario, in a letter to the theologians of Germany and of Switzerland. But his voice could only be heard, if the reformed nations, forgetting their dissensions, would consent to unite under the same banner. Paleario was well aware of this, and his memorial concluded by a pressing exhortation to concord. "I hear, by information unfortunately too certain, that subjects of contention and dispute have arisen among you, which prevent your meeting,

not only in one opinion, but even in one place. Ah ! beloved brethren, for the sake of Christ, and on account of the necessities of the times in which we live, close your ranks and keep together, so that the enemy may not be able to resist the impetuosity of your attack. If you have been unanimous in rejecting so many abuses, if you are all of one heart and of one soul, in desiring the re-establishment of apostolic institutions, and the restoration of the gospel, what subject can still divide you, and arm you against each other ? Your enemies advance against you in good order, strong through their union. Rally, then, under the banner of Christ, lest the victory escape you, and lest then there should be no longer a Christian republic to defend and to save ! . . . If you differ as to the interpretation of some particular points, is that a reason that you should tear one another in pieces ? Let each keep his own opinion while respecting the opinion of his neighbour. God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, will enable you sooner or later to attain to unity in those things which at present divide you !” This noble language was unfortunately not understood in an age of intolerance, when the disciples of the same faith mutually hurled anathemas at each other ; and the efforts of Paleario for the pacification of the new church were as powerless as for the reformation of the old communion.

The moment had now come when the papacy, changing its system, proceeded to suppress without mercy, in the Peninsula, the tendencies with which it had appeared willing to come to an external agreement. To the spirit of conciliation represented by Contarini, succeeded a violent and ferocious spirit, personified in Cardinal Caraffa, the promoter of the Inquisition. Favoured by the meetings for free discussion held in Germany and Switzerland, the echo of which was constantly resounding in Italy, the reformed opinions spread with extraordinary rapidity. The adherents of the Reformation met each other everywhere, and became every day more bold. Ferrara was one of the principal centres of opposition to the court of Rome. Lutheranism, scarcely disguised, occupied the chairs of learning in Modena; and Cardinal Sadoleto, a native of this city, implored his countrymen to pause in their schismatic courses. Venice offered an asylum to the Florentine Bruccioli, who boldly claimed for the people the right to read the Bible in the vulgar tongue. Bologna, Padua, Vicenza, were carried along with the current of innovation. Every day the most alarming reports reached the pope of the state of all minds. It was said that more than three thousand teachers had professed the Lutheran doctrine; the agents of the Inquisition were themselves infected with the venom of

heresy.* It was in these circumstances that Paul III., terrified for the result, asked Cardinal Caraffa by what means the progress of the evil might be arrested. The cardinal replied that nothing could save the church, but the establishment of a severe and inflexible Inquisition. The cardinal of Burgos, Alvarès of Toledo, was of the same opinion. From this secret consultation between these three men, sprung the formidable institution of the (so-called) Holy Office—a scourge borrowed from Spain, from which Italy had not before suffered. The pontifical Bull was signed on the 21st July, 1542.

Cardinal Caraffa, being furnished with full powers, set himself to the work with the zeal by which he was characterized. Although poor, he did not wait to receive the money due to him from the apostolic see, but hired a house at his own expense, in which to instal the new tribunal, with all its dark and ghastly apparatus of chains and instruments of torture. This palace of mournful memory, having been at a later period enlarged and restored by Pius V., still stands in the Borgo, like a sinister phantom of the past.† If stones could speak, what accusing voices would cry aloud from the

* “Non solo molti vescovi, vicarii, frati e preti, ma anco molti dell’ istessa inquisitione erano heretici.”—*Caracciolo*, MS. before quoted.

† It is now used by the French soldiers as barracks, and the dungeons are walled up.

tomb-like dungeons, where so many victims lingered in agony. Caraffa had drawn up for himself the following rules, that reveal the spirit by which he was animated :—

“*Firstly.* In matters of faith not an instant is to be lost ; but, on the slightest suspicion, it is necessary to set to work with the greatest energy.

“*Secondly.* It is necessary not to have the least respect of persons, not even to regard a prince or a prelate, however great.

“*Thirdly.* It is necessary to treat with the utmost rigour those who try to defend themselves by placing themselves under the protection of some powerful personage. But those who confess their faults may be treated with gentleness and paternal mercy.

“*Fourthly.* It is necessary that we should not so far degrade ourselves as to show any kind of toleration towards heretics, and especially towards the Calvinists.”*

The first care of the inquisitors was to set a close watch on the preachers suspected of heterodoxy. Ochino attracted all eyes. Elected General Superior of the Order of the Capuchins, and appointed in the spring of the year 1542 to preach the Lent sermons in Venice, he received the most flattering marks of popular favour,

* Ranke, *History of the Popes*, vol. i.

mingled, however, with secret causes of grief. Denounced by the legates, he had defended himself with so much energy, that his adversaries had been put to silence. But when he learned that Terentiano, his pupil and his dearest friend, imprisoned at Milan, had been summoned before the tribunal of the Holy Office as suspected of heresy, he could not restrain himself; and, ascending the pulpit of St. Mark, he broke out into this bold apostrophe:—"What remains for me to do, gentlemen; and why should I continue to weary myself and to waste my strength in vain? Noble Venice! Queen of the Adriatic, if indictments, dungeons, and fetters await the men who preach the truth to thee, in what cities and in what countries shall the holy word find shelter? Ah! if we might but preach the truth freely, how many of the blind who are now wandering in darkness would at length see the light!"* At these words the nuncio interrupted the preacher, and imposed silence on him. But so great was the favour that Ochino then enjoyed in Venice, that, three days afterwards, he again ascended the pulpit, in the presence of a still more numerous auditory, who were deeply moved by his eloquence. This was his last triumph. Having gone to Verona to instruct the monks of his order there, he received a summons to appear before the tribunal of the Inquisition

* Boverio, *Annali de' Frati Minori*, p. 427.

at Rome. He did not at first hesitate to obey; but, having learned that his condemnation was already determined on, he recoiled from the sacrifice of his life, and resolved to quit Italy.

The motives of this determination are explained in a letter to Vittoria Colonna, which permits us to read the very depths of the fiery and restless spirit of Ochino. "Having been informed by Peter Martyr and several other friends of the way in which the tribunal in Rome proceeds against those whom they pretend are heretics, I have resolved not to appear there, because I should have no alternative but to deny Christ, or to die in torture. Deny Christ I never can! . . . By the grace of God, I am ready to die when he shall so appoint; but not by giving myself up voluntarily to my executioners. The Lord will know where to find me, when he has need of my blood. I follow, therefore, the example of Christ, who himself teaches me to flee into Egypt and into Samaria. I obey the command given to the disciples, 'When they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another.'* Besides, what could I do in Italy, beset by spies, compelled to preach a disguised, disfigured Christianity, if I would not fall into the difficulties and troubles which await every confessor of the truth? For these reasons and many others, I have resolved to go

* Matt. x. 23.

abroad to escape from the hatred of my enemies, who wish either to force from me a recantation, or to destroy me! . . . Farnese, the Theatine, and Pulci, are so furious against me, that if I had crucified Christ with my own hands, they could not have made a greater uproar. I am the same, madam, as you have always known me; my doctrine is that which you have so many times approved. I have never preached with more reserve and modesty than I have done lately. Nevertheless, they declare me to be an apostate without giving me a hearing; and it is thus that they proceed to reform the church! It is my duty to baffle their fury. Believe me, it costs me much to leave country, relatives, friends, without knowing what will be said of me; but it is the will of God, for some gracious purpose which will be made known hereafter. Pray to him for me, madam; my whole desire is to serve him more faithfully than ever.”*

A few days after having written this letter, Ochino quitted Florence, and directed his steps towards Switzerland, passing by Verona, Milan, and the Val d'Aosta; which Calvin—when, like him, a fugitive and an exile—had vainly endeavoured, six years before, to wrest from the authority of Rome. But Calvin was young,

* Lettera di frate Bernardino all' Eccellentissima Marchesana de Pescara, 22nd August, 1542.—MS. in library of Siena.

and a long career of faith, activity, and genius was opening before him; whilst Ochino was already in the decline of life, and saw a long course of favour and popularity closing behind him. Is it true, as is affirmed by the historian of the Minorites, that he looked back from a summit whence he could see Italy for the last time, and, weeping, addressed to her his sad farewell? Ah! doubtless at such a moment, all the scenes of his past life arose before his eyes. He again saw Naples, Siena, Venice, and the enthusiastic crowds which hung upon his lips! In losing his country, an orator loses all. Exile is the grave of eloquence. Ochino hesitated not to make this last sacrifice; and, giving up the seals of his order to Brother Mariano, who had accompanied him so far on his way, he rapidly descended the Alps of the Valais, and went to Geneva.*

He was received there with the most respectful welcome and kindness, and was almost immediately appointed pastor of the Italian refugees, the number of whom was daily increasing from the continued persecution. But all his thoughts were turned to the Italy which he had just quitted, to his native city, then so deeply affected by his departure.†

* Boverio, *Annali de' Frati Minori*, p. 440.

† "Habemus hic Bernardinum senensem, magnum et præclarum virum, qui suo discessu non parum Italiam commovit."
—Calvin to Melancthon, 16th February, 1543.

In a letter to the nobles of Siena, where the excitement was extreme, he explained the motives of his conduct, and, retracing the struggles and the agitation through which he had passed, he gloried in suffering for the same cause which the martyrs had sealed with their blood. "For the same truth I am exiled from Italy, anathematized, hunted to death, by the Roman pontiff. But the cause which I defend is so just, that I find in it my justification. If I suffer, it is with the saints, with the apostles—yea, with Christ himself—who have all, like me, been pursued, cursed, loaded with ignominy! . . . My doctrine is heresy say you; then cast the gospel into the fire, tear in pieces the epistles of St. Paul, annihilate the whole Revelation; for the word of God would in that case be a lie, the grace of Christ a snare, religion a blasphemy."* Gentler accents were mingled with this vehement appeal. We feel the heart of the exile throbbing in this last address to his countrymen:—"Siena, O my country! if I have not written to thee till now, it is not because I do not love thee, but because, knowing the grief that, like a tender and compassionate mother, thou hast felt at my departure, I wished to offer thee the consolations of religion. How happy mightest thou be, O my well-

* "Imperoche l'Evangelio sarebbe un inganno, falsa la fede di Cristo e impia la religione."—MS. in the library of Siena.

beloved city, if, casting off the yoke of so many pharisaical ceremonies and vain superstitions, which are an abomination in the sight of God, thou wert to take as thy rule his pure word, as it was preached by Christ, and after him by his apostles and their disciples. Oh! say, wilt thou not turn to Christ; thou, on whom heaven has bestowed so many noble minds? Wilt thou be the last to know and to adore thy Redeemer? Open, open thine eyes, I beseech thee, that thou mayest be enlightened by the light from on high; and that, receiving from the Son of God wisdom, righteousness, peace, and salvation, thou mayest henceforward live for him alone, and mayest find in him thy glory and thy blessedness.”*

These burning words resounded throughout the cities of the Peninsula, and long re-echoed in Tuscany. The sermons of Ochino, published in Geneva, and by which he finally broke off from the church, of which he had been the ornament, were eagerly read by his countrymen. Pope Paul III. prohibited the reading of them by a brief; and Ochino, addressing himself directly to the pontiff, in a letter full of invective, although sometimes eloquent, complains bitterly of the Farnese, and

* “*Aprè, apre hora mai li occhi al vero, accioche conoscendo el Figliuol di Dio per ogni tua guistitia. . . . Sempre felice te renda,*” etc.—MS. in the library of Siena.

concludes by adjuring the princes to proceed without delay to reform the church.*

The prohibition of the writings of Ochino was only a prelude to the severe punishments pronounced against his adherents. The tribunal of the Holy Office, presided over by Caraffa, and furnished with full powers for the repression of heresy, acted with vigour. Mysterious agents were dispersed everywhere. They penetrated into the cloisters, the palaces, the academies, and even into the most private circles of domestic life ; a word, a gesture, a look, were enough to compromise a man, sometimes to ruin a whole family. The princes were required to assist the inquisitors with the force of the civil power, and they accepted this miserable office. Secret informers speedily increased the number of the suspected, the dungeons were filled and emigration began. Following the footsteps of Ochino, numerous refugees escaped into Switzerland, whilst thousands of their less fortunate brethren were torn from their families, buried in the prisons, and there suffered torture. Under the shock of a storm, as unforeseen as it was terrible, their courage never failed. "Praise be to God," wrote Camillo Renato to Bullinger, the minister of Zurich, "that we can remember, without too much shame, what

* Laurentian Library of Florence. Catalogue Bandini, vol. v. p. 319, No. xiii.

we were, when we think what we have become, by the grace of God. The fury of the Roman pontiff pursues us without relaxation. They tear us from our homes, they separate us from our families ; we are imprisoned, tortured, threatened with death ; but we bear all this odious treatment with a patience which is made more easy to us by the precious testimonies of sympathy which reach us from all sides. We feel in our hearts the powerful consolations of the Holy Spirit, and we are ready to suffer still more, by looking unto Jesus Christ, the Man of sorrows, the source of all glory and blessedness." Such were the sentiments that animated the Italian confessors during this first period, too little known, of persecution in the Peninsula. In transmitting this letter to his friend, Joachim Wadian of Saint Gall, Bullinger added only these simple words :—"The faith of this people is great. To God be the honour and glory ! *Deo, laus et gloria.*"*

Another letter written at this time by the faithful in Venice and Vicenza to the ministers of Geneva, shows the ties which united the growing churches of Italy to those of Switzerland : "We have heard, dearly beloved brethren, with what affection, with what ardent love, you daily receive those of our countrymen who have

* Bullingerus Wadiano, 19th December, 1542.—MS. in the Library of Saint Gall.

gone to a land of exile, fulfilling towards them the precepts of Christ, by your brotherly love, and bearing a part of their burden, after the example of him who, touched with compassion for us, came down from heaven to earth, and stooped even to the cross, to save us from death. Blessed be ye, that you have lavished on them all the testimonies of Christian love, along with pious exhortations, so that, recovering strength and courage beside you, they feel more joy in your fraternal hospitality than they have felt grief for the loss of precious possessions; and now, sheltered as in a quiet haven, they think no more of the sufferings through which they have passed. These are the ordinary ways of God towards his children. He chastens because he loves. He comforts the broken-hearted, raises up those that are bowed down, and gives life unto those who are already at the very gates of death.”*

The correspondence of Baldassar Altieri, an Italian missionary, throws new light on the trials of the disciples of the gospel, during the years which followed the establishment of the tribunal of the Inquisition. “The persecution against our brethren becomes every day more

* “Sic enim consuevit Dominus cum suis agere, ut prius corrigat quos amat, quassatos restituat, oppressos erigat, moribundos suscitet.”—Venice, December, 1542, MS. of Gotha, vol. ccciv., folio 1.

violent. Some are dragged to the galleys, others are condemned to perpetual imprisonment. Some, alas! have abjured from fear of death—so difficult is it courageously to confess Christ in the midst of torments. Many are proscribed along with their wives and children. The greater number seek safety in flight. Our consolation amid all these evils is, that God reigns! He will not forsake us. All things work together for our good. Death is the way to life!

“A messenger from Venice informs me that the faithful are there persecuted with extreme rigour. It is not without danger that I return thither, because of the hatred that the adherents of the papacy have sworn against me. Let my friends pray for me!

“It has pleased God to try my faith, for I knew not before what was the fury of the princes, and the atrocity of their threats, so justly compared in the Holy Scriptures to the roaring of lions. Know that I am hourly exposed to the danger of death. There is not a single spot in Italy where I can find a refuge. The wicked will have no rest till they have devoured me alive. Yet a voice from heaven whispers in my ear, ‘Be of good courage, for I am with thee.’”*

* “*Impii nunquam requiescent donec me vivum deglutiverint. Dominus tamen in cordis penetralibus insusurrat ut bono sim animo, affirmans se mihi non defecturum.*”—Altiéri to

Here closes the journal of the proscribed missionary, this good man wandering from place to place without knowing where to lay his head, and of whom we lose all trace at the entrance of Ferrara. What was his fate? It is easy to conjecture it, when we think of the innumerable victims that disappeared in the dungeons of the Holy Office, without even leaving a name in the Italian martyrology. Fortunate circumstances have unveiled in our days the mysteries of the Inquisition in Spain, and have revealed a world of faith, of sufferings, of sublime sacrifices. Under these funereal vaults, where the virtue of the martyrs shines like a consoling ray amid the darkness, we can at least contemplate their attitude, listen to their voices, follow their steps in the triumphal way from the judgment-hall to the stake. The Spanish Inquisition, after having long carried on its tortuous proceedings in the dark, has also its great days. It loves spectacles in the open sunlight—those *autos-da-fé* which so much resemble the hecatombs of pagan Rome, to which the whole multitude, king and people, were invited as to a festival. Philip II. thought no spectacle more beautiful. The Italian Inquisition, a gloomy importation from a foreign soil, revolting to the national mind, had different ways of proceeding. The Bullinger, 1549, *Italarum Epistolæ*, vol. xv. p. 36, Archives of Zurich.

blow given by the Italian inquisitors was struck in darkness, and they rarely made a spectacle of those public executions, which soften all hearts, and bring them back to justice by pity. The fate of these obscure confessors is only the more melancholy ; and history seems unfaithful to her mission when she is silent concerning their unknown sufferings. It is an additional motive for retracing in detail the lives of the witnesses whose names have not perished in the shipwreck of the Reformation, to which they had sacrificed all they held most dear—fortune, family, country ; martyrs of exile, tossed from shore to shore, and finding no repose but in death ; happier than those of their brethren, who could not resolve to quit their native soil, in whose case the torture of insults, calumny, and false accusation preceded those of the stake. Such was the sad and touching history of Paleario.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST TRIAL FOR HERESY.

A FEW months after the events which we have just recorded, when Italy was still stirred by the flight of Ochino, and by the severe measures adopted against the partisans of the new doctrines, a small book appeared at Venice, entitled *The Benefit of Christ's Death*.* Who was its author? No one knew; and the mystery in which the origin of the book was shrouded added to its popularity. By some it was attributed to Morone, Bishop of Modena, the boldness of whose opinions afterwards marked him out as a victim of the Holy Office; by others, to Pole, the friend of Contarini, and the confidant of his last thoughts; by the greater number, to Marc' Antonio Flaminio, who, intimate with Valdez, had imbibed opinions not very different from those which

* *Trattato utilissimo del Beneficio di Giesu Cristo Crocifisso verso i Cristiani*. Venetiis, apud Bernardinum de Bindonis, 1543. 12mo., 72 pages. In a short preface, the editor informs the public that he publishes the work without the author's name, "accioche più la cosa vi muova che l' autorità dell' autore."

the Reformation had made popular in Europe; and these conjectures, all equally erroneous, gave an additional attraction to the treatise which had just issued from the press of Bindonis.* The Venetian edition was rapidly exhausted; a new one appeared in Modena; and Vergerio reckons that not fewer than forty thousand copies were circulated, within a very few years, in the Peninsula. That nothing might be wanting to the extraordinary success of this work, it was translated into several languages, and drew forth keen refutations, among which may be remarked that of the *frate* Ambrogio Caterino, who pronounced it to be deserving of the flames. To conclude, it was the favourite book of the pious King Edward VI. On the last page of an English translation by Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, we read these words, written by the young king's own hand:—"Live to die, and die to live again." It is the emblem of the destiny of the book itself, destroyed with fury by the Inquisition, having disappeared from Italy for three centuries, and being now revived in our day, thanks to the discovery of a copy of the original edition, preserved at Cambridge, and reprinted with the

* The author of the *Compendium Inquisitorum* attributes it to a monk of San Severino, of Naples, a disciple of Valdez, and adds, that the work was reviewed by Flaminio. This is the opinion adopted in Germany by Gieseler, and Leopold Ranke, *History of the Popes*, 2nd edit., vol. i.

greatest care by Mr. Babington.* The learned world of England and of Germany was stirred, and keen controversies arose after the reprinting of the *Benefit*, which do not seem, even now, to be set at rest. This is not the place to retrace the history of them. To say the truth, the point in question is, in our opinion, now placed beyond dispute; and the only possible author of the *Benefit* is he who courageously took upon himself this responsibility when standing before his judges, and whose whole theology is an aspiration after Christ, the author of salvation. "When I was one day asked," says Paleario, "what is the first foundation of the Christian faith, I answered, 'Christ;' when asked what was the second, I answered, 'Christ;' and the third, I again answered, 'Christ.'"[†] Remarkable words, which are the best summary of the treatise to which the name of Paleario must remain inseparably attached.[‡]

The time is now come for this book to be appreciated, the marvellous success of which, followed by its speedy

* London, 1855. A translation of the *Beneficio* is published by the Religious Tract Society, 18mo., 1s. 6d., cloth boards.

† "Responderim, Christum. Quid secundum? Christum. Quid tertium? Christum."—Letter to Fausto Bellanti.

‡ This opinion is that of numerous authors, among whom it may suffice to name Schelhorn, Gerdès, M'Crie, Tischendorff, Mr. Ayre, and Mr. Babington, whose conclusions, founded on good reasons, seem to be the last word of criticism on this subject.

disappearance, is not without analogy with the destinies of the Italian Reformation, in its vivid aspirations, its generous ardour, and its rapid decline. Christianity is the religion of Christ, the Redeemer of fallen man; and the faith of the apostolic church consists in confessing him who voluntarily died on the cross, leaving to his disciples the example of a holy life, and of a virtue till then unknown—that of martyrdom. But the image of the God-man, radiant with such a pure light in the first ages, became pale and obscured in the ages following, in proportion as the church, emerging from the catacombs, made alliance with the powers of this world, and exchanged the treasure of poverty, the ordeal of persecution, for the corrupting favours of the Empire. Notwithstanding the adoption of a new worship, Italy remained half pagan; and the magnificent church of Christ, rising over the temples of the false gods, and being decorated with the marbles and mosaics taken from their altars, attested less the victory of Christianity than its impure mixture with the ancient polytheism, which left a deadly germ in its bosom. Thus may be explained the corruption of the faith, the depravity of manners, the decay of the Christian spirit which Arnold of Brescia, Dante, and Savonarola have so bitterly deplored. No one has mourned more eloquently than the latter the decay of the church, sinking under the weight

of external prosperity and profane pomp. "Go to Rome," exclaimed he, "and you will see all the prelates occupied with poetry and eloquence, consulting Virgil, Horace, and Cicero for the direction of souls. There is not one among them who is not in communication with an astrologer, whom he consults about the most minute details of his life. Our preachers have forsaken the Holy Scriptures to give themselves wholly to astrology and philosophy, which they now preach from their pulpits. They make philosophy the mistress, and the Holy Scriptures the handmaid. . . .

"There is, however, one thing in our cathedral which is singularly striking to the eye. It is so well painted and gilded! Our church also has many fine ceremonies. She has magnificent ornaments, candelabra of silver and gold: so that the spectacle she presents in her festivals is one of great splendour. There you may see at the altar fat mitred prelates, their heads sparkling all over with gold and precious stones, clothed in the richest and most gorgeous dresses. You may hear them sing vespers and matins, *adagio*, with the accompaniment of organs and numerous choirs, so as to enchant your ears. You imagine that these are venerable and holy men. You cannot believe that they can possibly err. You think that whatever they say or do must be regarded as the gospel. Thus is the modern church

constituted. The people are feasted on follies, and take pleasure in empty ceremonies, saying all the time that the church of God has never been more flourishing.

. . . We may say, indeed, that, compared with the prelates of our day, those of the primitive church were but poor and petty prelates, (*prelatucci*,) for they were humble and poor. They had neither great bishoprics nor rich abbeys, as prelates have now. They wore no mitres adorned with gold; they had not so many chalices, and they often deprived themselves of those which they had in order to assist the poor; while our prelates, in order to accumulate chalices, rob the poor of necessities. Do you understand what I mean? In the primitive church the chalices were of wood, and the prelates of gold. Now the church has wooden prelates and golden chalices. *Apropos* of this, have you heard what was said one day by St. Thomas Aquinas, to a renowned prelate, probably of the same stamp as ours? The latter showed him a large basin, perhaps even several, filled with ducats, exclaiming, 'See, Master Thomas, the church cannot now say, as St. Peter did, Silver and gold have I none.' 'That is true,' replied Thomas; 'but neither can she now say as formerly, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk."'*

* Th. Paul, *Jerome Savonarole, précurseur de la Réforme*, vol. i. p. 305. A work rich in quotations, but unfortunately unfinished.

The book of Paleario had none of the poignant irony or of the satirical tone of Savonarola. The author carefully abstained from all controversy, in order to make known the doctrine of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ, the nature of which he explained, and the fruits of which he described with the deepest feeling. The *Benefit* is not so much a book as an outpouring of the heart. It is the cry of a soul pierced with grief and love, and which sees its own story in the sorrowful history of humanity—coming forth free from the hands of the Creator, soon enslaved to evil, condemned to death, but redeemed by a Divine sacrifice. Paleario casts a living light on these mysteries by which human reason has been always perplexed. He finds accents of singular sweetness to describe the joy of pardon, and the assurance of salvation freely given to believers. “Oh, how happy is the man who, closing his eyes on all other sights, desires to see and hear nothing but ‘Jesus Christ, and him crucified,’ in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge! Happy is he who is always fully satisfied with this heavenly food, and who quenches his thirst by long draughts from the well-spring of eternal life.*

* “Oh! felice colui che chiude gli occhi a tutti gli altri spettacoli, ne vuole vedere nè intendere altro che Gesu Cristo crocifisso, nel quale tutte le grazie e tutti i tesori della sapienza sono riposti. Felice dico colui che,” etc.—*Beneficio*, Turin, 1860, p. 59.

Temptations beset him in vain. He knows in whom he believes, and finds in the holy word an answer to all his doubts: 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul?' Trust thou in God, who has so loved thee, that he has given his only begotten Son to save thee from perdition. Jesus has become poor that thou mightest be rich; he has taken upon himself our infirmities that we might be partakers of his strength. He clothed himself in our mortal flesh that he might impart unto us his own immortality. He has descended to earth that we might ascend to heaven and become the children of God, made like unto him. And now, 'who shall lay anything to our charge? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.'* . . . All Christian wisdom consists in looking to him, and saying with one of the greatest doctors of the church, 'His death is my merit, my refuge, my salvation, my resurrection, and my life.'"

Without here falling into the error of the mystics, who imagine the highest degree of perfection to consist in the contemplation of celestial things, and the abandonment of all outward activity, Palario shows the connection that exists between faith and works: "Justi-

* *Beneficio*, Turin, 1860, pp. 57, 75.

fyng faith is like a flame which cannot but shine ; but, as the flame alone consumes the wood without the help of the light which it sends forth, and yet it cannot exist without producing light, so is it with faith. Faith alone consumes sin in us without the help of works ; but it never exists without them. If you were to see a flame that gave out no light, you would say, ‘ This is a painted and unreal flame.’ So, if you see not in a man’s conduct the light of good works, you may say he has no true faith, that which God breathes into the soul by his Spirit, for the justification and glorification of his chosen. . . . Faith which deserves the name is like a divine nature in the soul of the Christian ; it works wonderfully in the outward conduct, and is never weary of well-doing.” *

This theology, full of feeling, gushing from the heart like the voice of prayer, and refusing any human interposition between the soul and Christ, was sure to obtain the greatest success, at a time when the clergy showed themselves so inferior to their mission, and when the pomp of their worship and their priestly pharisaism was no longer sufficient to disguise their imbecility.

The publication of this treatise added one more peril

* “Una divinità nell’anima del Cristiano, il quale opera mirabilmente, ne mai si trova stanco dalle buone opere.”—*Beneficio*, Turin, 1860, p. 39.

to those which already threatened Paleario, to which he could not blind himself.* Animated by sincere piety, yet free from all superstition, and an enemy of the formalism which dries up true adoration at its source, he allowed no opportunity to escape him of making known his sentiments. His candour, his frankness, the boldness with which he unmasked hypocrisy, wherever it was to be met with, exposed him to formidable enmities. In 1540, a Dominican monk came to preach the Lent sermons at Colle: his praise was in every mouth, and he was the first to praise himself. To make himself of consequence, he boasted everywhere that he was about to write a work against Cardinal Cajetan, whose writings were full of errors. To obtain still more credit, he added that he was going to publish several volumes against the followers of Luther. All flocked to listen to his sermons. Paleario refrained from appearing among them, in consequence of a conversation which revealed to him the ignorance and presumption of the monk, who never pardoned him for this, and denounced him from the pulpit as a man imbued with the most dangerous opinions. His accusations resounded in Siena and in Florence. At first, Paleario treated it with silent

* It will be proved in the sequel that the *Beneficio* was first published in Tuscany, before the anonymous edition which appeared at Venice in 1543.

contempt; but, yielding at length to the solicitations of his friends, he wrote a short *apology*, a copy of which, being placed in the hands of Vettori, and shown to his adversary, compelled him for a time to be silent.*

On another occasion Paleario consulted his own interest and peace less than the duties of friendship, which were peculiarly sacred in his eyes. Two mendicant monks, having clandestinely got into the palace of the Bellanti family, stole therefrom a considerable sum. Being summoned before the judge, they did not hesitate to affirm their innocence on oath; and returning directly to the altar, they there celebrated the sacred services with as much "insensibility as if they had been made of wood." But in their hearts lurked a deep feeling of hatred against the man who had the courage to support before the tribunal the just claim of the Bellanti; and this man was Paleario. Sooner or later, they were determined to have their revenge. Their resentment found aid among the clergy and the canons, whose effeminacy and vices were the subject of universal scandal. "Blasio kneels very devoutly every day before the images of the saints, but he never thinks

* "Scripsi biduo apologiam per quam incuterem primum homini impudentissimo timorem . . . misique eam ad Petrum Victorium."—*Opera*, p. 528, 529. The *apologie* here mentioned has been erroneously confounded by Hallbauer with the *speech* which Paleario made in his defence, two years afterwards.

of paying his debts. He lives in abundance, his table is covered with gold and silver, whilst his creditors are left to pine in destitution and misery. Does he hope, by his hypocrisy, to deceive God as he deceives men? Really I could never have thought him capable of so many artifices.”* These generous, but imprudent words, which had escaped Paleario in the course of familiar conversation, were repeated everywhere. Blasio never forgot them.

A circumstance which happened soon afterwards filled up the measure of the powerful enmities which had slowly gathered round Paleario. A chair became vacant in the University of Siena. Devoted for seven years to private teaching, Paleario had elevated his office to the dignity of the sacred ministry. He had succeeded in inspiring his pupils with as much taste for antiquity as enthusiasm for the master who daily explained to them its lessons. Thus, both by his talents and his learning, he seemed naturally marked out to occupy the vacant chair; and he was sure of the suffrage of several of the most distinguished citizens, members of the Council of Eight, or of the Senate. His adversaries opposed to him a rival little worthy of him, Marco Blaterone, who

* “Risi Blasium theologum qui quum quotidie bene mane ad pedes statuæ se abjiciat, æs tamen alienum non dissolvit,” etc.—*Opera*, p. 545.

scarcely understood the first rudiments of the Greek and Latin languages, and whose ignorance was equalled only by his presumption. Justly branded with disgrace by Aretino, who had held him up to scorn in his comedy, *La Cortigiana*; obsequious, even to meanness, to the great, and insolent to the small—such was the competitor of Paleario. A single feature only was wanting in the satirical picture of Aretino, the hypocrisy by which Blaterone contrived to secure to himself the favour of the monks, and the support of the clergy. His protectors, among whom the Canon Blasio was conspicuous, openly said everywhere that religion was lost if Paleario were elected, and if heresy were to obtain a single chair in the University of Siena.* After a keen contest, Blaterone was appointed, to the great disappointment of those who wished to raise the tone of education. Paleario had consented with regret to take steps the result of which he foresaw. “If your friends had believed me,” wrote he to Placidi, “our adversaries would have had less reason to boast, and we should at least have had the satisfaction of appearing to despise what we could not obtain. I foresaw from the beginning all that would happen. I knew, too well, the ignorance of some, the factious spirit of others, the inconstancy of all, to found

* “Ne interpretationis munus demandaretur homini (ut tuis verbis utar) hæretico.”—*Opera*, pp. 90, 531.

any hope on those who regard only their own personal interest, and who, destitute of all knowledge, wish to pass for the wisest of men. For my own part, I have always seen myself forgotten or misunderstood. I have borne to be forgotten without complaint. I have repelled calumny as a man who had a right to expect other things in return for the services that he has rendered to youth. My lectures on Moral Philosophy and on Eloquence have not a little contributed to raise the tone of mind in Tuscany. If the art of composition is not entirely in decay in this city, if the taste for literature has not disappeared from among the rising generation, is this not partly the fruit of my lessons? It is true that my only wish was to devote myself entirely to the teaching of sacred literature, but I have never concealed my dislike of all superstition. This was enough to bring on me the reproach of incapacity in the eyes of several, notwithstanding the testimony of my whole life. What adds to my grief, is the conduct of some whom I had regarded as my friends. This is an additional reason to lead me not to attach too much value to the favours of this world, to teach me to bear injuries with patience, and to pardon the injustice of which I am the victim. But, whilst I am trying to pluck from my heart the darts which have wounded me where I am most sensitive, my enemies never cease to harass me by their ever-repeated attacks.

Do not, then, be surprised, if, while I am defending myself, I suffer a cry or complaint to escape me in the bitterness of my anguish.”*

This exclusion from the university was but a prelude to the formidable accusation which was about to be brought against Paleario, and of the prosecution which forms the most dramatic episode of his sojourn in Siena. It was not enough for his enemies to refuse him admission to public teaching, and to shut out from the chair of eloquence the free and fearless voice which awoke so much sympathy in the heart of youth. This voice must be silenced; and the surest means of doing this was by an accusation of heresy. A Dominican monk gave the signal of attack,—the same with whom Paleario had had disputes two years before, and whose hatred, concealed under an appearance of reconciliation, was so much the more to be feared, as it was aided by dangerous accomplices, both in Rome and in Tuscany.

At about a mile from Siena, on the pleasant hill of La Capriola, rises the monastery of the *Osservanti* (founded by the first followers of St. Francis), whose thick woods and grottoes, held sacred by superstition, lent their shade to the secret meetings where the ruin

* “Nihil mirum videri debet si vel in revellendis vel excipiendis telis vocem aliquam emisero, vel miserabiliter ingemiscens significem dolorem meum.”—*Opera*, pp. 545, 547.

of Paleario was plotted. The chapel of St. Sebastian also sheltered, more than once, the chiefs of the monastic conspiracy, whose secret never transpired beyond its walls. Three hundred members of the fraternity of St. John (as they called themselves) were banded together by a solemn oath. Taking the saints to witness, they swore not to light candles on the altar, or to take part in any of the sacred ceremonies, till they had destroyed Paleario.* Twelve of the most furious among them, Marco Pieri, Scipione della Bava, Melio Cotta, Gregorio Primpili, . . . divided among them the principal parts, either as accusers or witnesses. Priests, monks, laymen,—all seemed animated with equal fury. They could reckon on adherents, in the senate and in the university, among the men who, like Marco Blaterone, could not pardon Paleario for the success which he had obtained as professor and as poet. A free academy had already gathered around him, and the most distinguished young men, such as the Placidi, Mino Celsa, the Malevolti, showed themselves so much the more eager for his lessons, because the ostracism by which he had been injured seemed a blow directed against their own families.

* “Trecentos ex istis (quos *Joannellos* vocant) admotos altaribus per lapidem jurasse nunquam se lampadas divis accensuros, nisi prius eorum opera ne perdidissent.”—*Opera*, p. 95.

The moment chosen to attack Paleario was during his absence from Siena in the beginning of the year 1542. By the invitation of some of his friends, Sadoletto and Maffei, he had gone to Rome, and there received a letter from his pupil, Fausto Bellanti, informing him of the plot, and advising him to delay his return. "We do not know the motives of the accusation, neither do we know the names of your accusers. Report says, however, that the chiefs of the republic are excited against you by calumnious accounts respecting religion. My mother believes, not without reason, that the mendicant monks have plotted your destruction because you are not the dupe of the superstitions by means of which they have so long pillaged us of our patrimony. I cannot admit, however, that these insignificant men could have been able to form such a conspiracy against you, if they had not had some support. The plot has deep roots. . . . I shall go to Siena to-morrow; I shall consult with our relations and friends; I shall, if necessary, retain an advocate; I shall give the money required, and shall take every step for your defence, were it at the peril of my life.* Meantime, be tranquil, and meet adversity with a serene countenance." The tidings did

* "Dabitur pecunia, eroque omnibus rebus, vel vitæ periculo ad te defendendum paratus."—Fausto Bellanti to Paleario, *Opera*, pp. 517, 519.

not surprise Paleario. He knew the enmity of which he was the object, and under the weight of which, sooner or later, he was to sink. "My only hope," wrote he, "is in Christ, whom I have always faithfully served, and whom I worship with a pure heart.* However, if I can succeed in being allowed to confront the witnesses, the victory is certain. They will never dare to meet my fiery look. But I know these workers of lies—they will take good care not to show themselves. They like better to act in the shade, to kindle hatred, to stir up the multitude. They would tear out my eyes if they could, by the hand of the furies whom they let loose against me. . . . No matter, let me know everything, and on my part I shall communicate to you all my resolutions."

Before leaving Rome, Paleario thought of taking a journey, perhaps the last, to Veroli. "My countrymen expect me; but the road is long, and not without danger. The forest of Algidio is more than ever infested by brigands. The passes of the mountain are, they say, closed on all sides. The Colonna are all in arms." At the moment of undertaking this perilous journey, his thoughts turned with tenderness to his wife and his children, whom he had left at Cecignano. "Above all,"

* "Christus tamen meus mihi spem facit quem sancte et auguste semper colui."—*Opera*, p. 520.

wrote he to Bellanti, "as my wife is already more than sufficiently uneasy, do not allow her to suspect anything that can increase her fears: for, from what I hear (and I cannot write it without tears), she is the most disconsolate of women. Our trials are greater than she can bear. She passes her days in mourning, and lets herself sink into melancholy. As a faithful companion, a prudent wife, she dwells continually on all the misfortunes which could happen to me, from which, thanks be to God, I have been hitherto preserved. Console her in my name, if she be at present at Colle. Entreat your mother also to be so kind as to go to her when you go to Metiano. If you have no real hope to give her, give her rather fallacious hopes, to save her from her overwhelming grief. . . . For my own part, my heart is fearless; I have learned to be unmoved by the threats of men. If any misfortune should overtake me, I commend my children to your care. Protect them, educate them as if they were your own.* . . . When your father left Padua, a few days before his death, he commended you and your brothers to my friendship. I still hear his last words. They are graven in my heart as one of these requests which survive the dead, and which I now address to you in my turn!"

* "Si quid adversi accidat, commendo tibi liberos meos suscipe ac tuere pro tuis."—*Opera*, pp. 522, 523.

This letter, written in the month of March, 1542, leaves us ignorant of the date of Paleario's return to Tuscany. The ingenious friendship of Maffei, in concert with the entreaties of Bellanti, detained him long at Rome. "Thanks to the attentions of Maffei and of Censi, I find myself," wrote he, "almost as happy here as in my domain of Cecignano, or in that of Aréola. The former is so thoughtful and kind, that he takes every opportunity to divert my thoughts and to console me. As he knows that from my youth I have been occupied with these studies of antiquity, which have gained him so much reputation, he reads to me a kind of history, in which the events are commented on and elucidated by the most ancient inscriptions and medals. This work, written in a pure and elegant style, to which neither number nor harmony are wanting, so charms me that our readings are prolonged to a late hour of the night."* Nevertheless, he was obliged to depart, and to tear himself away from this pleasant intercourse, in order to return to Tuscany. When at Viterbo, being informed more in detail of the perils which awaited him at Siena, he directed his course secretly towards the castle of Aréola, the residence of the Bellanti family. From thence, crossing the mountains in the middle of the night by the Valley of Marciana, he rejoined his

* *Opera*, p. 521.

family at Colle, who had heard comparatively little of the dangers with which he was threatened.

His enemies, hearing of his return, hastened to attack him. A twofold accusation of heresy was brought against Paleario, one before the senate of Siena, the other at Rome before the tribunal of the Holy Office. Without waiting for the result of the inquiry ordered by the magistrates, the conspirators assembled tumultuously in one of the squares of the city, and directed their course towards the episcopal residence. They were led by Melio Cotta, Marco Pieri, Gregorio Primpili, and Scipione della Bava, who were followed by a crowd of monks, uttering threats of death. The crowd increased as they went on. Terrified at the tumult, peaceable citizens hastened to retire into their dwellings. A few women, attracted by the noise, showed themselves here and there at the windows, asking who the criminal was whom they were thus conducting to punishment.* The man against whom this demonstration was directed was happily absent from the city. His friends, intimidated, kept silence, and hid in the depths of their hearts the sympathies, the expression of which would have exposed them to the blind fury of the multitude.

* "Ita per viam fremebant ut nonnullæ mulierculæ ad fenestram accurrerent, et prospectarent sæpe numquid ad supplicium duceretur."—*Opera*, p. 96.

Francesco Bandini, of the noble family of the Piccolomini, was then Archbishop of Siena. He was an enlightened prelate, a friend to literature, and one of the founders of the Academy of the *Intronati*, the members of which devoted themselves exclusively to the study of the Italian language. Bandini knew Paleario. He appreciated his character and his talents. Awakened by the clamour of the conspirators, he gave orders that their chiefs should be introduced. To their passionate denunciations and their violent language he opposed the calmness and moderation of a prelate who does not separate the duties of watchfulness from those of charity. He loudly blamed a demonstration which appeared to him an attack on the dignity of religion, the rights of innocence or of justice. "The causes of the accusation," said he, "are too trifling to be entertained." At these words he was interrupted by Alexis de Lucrino, one of the conspirators, who declared that three hundred Sienese were ready to sign the accusation against Paleario. "And I," replied the prelate, "can find six hundred to affirm on oath that you are nothing but a usurer. Ought I to believe them on their word?"* At this reply, the accuser turned pale and stood silent, as if

* "Habeo ego sexcentos qui te acerbissimum fœneratorem vel jurati dicunt. . . . Obmotuit nebulo."—*Opera*, pp. 96, 97.

overwhelmed by the testimony of his conscience ; but the other conspirators, throwing themselves at the feet of the prelate, and demanding with loud cries the execution of the law which condemned to the flames every man convicted of heresy, obtained by dint of entreaties the warrant of accusation against Paleario.

Whilst the horizon was thus darkening in Tuscany, the threat of a prosecution was happily averted at Rome by the intervention of those friends of Paleario who were members of the Sacred College. Bembo and Sadoletto, being made acquainted with the plots formed against him, and convinced of his innocence, had no difficulty in justifying him to the master of the Holy Office, Tomazzo Badia, and thus preventing any proceedings before the tribunal of the Inquisition. Irritated by this check, the enemies of Paleario swore to have their revenge at Siena. They multiplied their efforts with the bishop and the governor, Francesco Sfondrati, to obtain a verdict and a sentence in conformity with their wishes. In an able and eloquent letter, Paleario endeavoured to regain the favour of the prelate, who was already visibly colder towards him :—"It is now six months since my adversaries have been wholly employed in preparing the most iniquitous of accusations, in exciting against me the principal citizens of the city, in assembling witnesses, some of whom are chosen from

the dregs of the people, and are so ignorant of the matter about which they are called to testify, that I consent to die if, on a cross-examination, they do anything else than repeat or contradict each other; while others, belonging to the ranks of the nobility, and animated with all the fury of faction, are the less fitted to judge me aright, because I have never had any connection or conversation with them, and they have not even read my writings. . . . Who does not see that their only object is to brand my name with infamy? But was there ever on the earth a just man who could believe himself safe from the plots of the wicked? I say nothing of Socrates, Scipio, Rutilius, Metellus, whose pure lives were, perhaps, not entirely free from reproach. But have we not seen the 'Holy One and the Just' in person—the Lord Jesus Christ himself—surrounded by the snares of the wicked?* It is easy to draw from ignorance and envy thoughtless words which are caught up by hatred. These are altered in the repetition: a sense is given them, which they had not in the mouth of him who first uttered them. Where can honest men find refuge? Whom shall they call to their aid if their words and even their most intimate thoughts are watched by spies, who have an interest in perverting them?" Paleario

* "Quo nemo melior, nemo sanctior, circumventus est innocentissimus Christus?"—Francesco Bandino, *Opera*, p. 533.

asked to be confronted with his accusers in presence of the archbishop himself. But they were less anxious for a discussion than for a condemnation. They refused to appear. The treatise on *The Benefit of Christ's Death*, having been presented to Bandini by one of the witnesses, Paleario did not hesitate to acknowledge himself its author, at the same time refuting the calumnies for which this treatise had furnished ground of accusation to his enemies, and appealing to the law against calumniators. "What!" exclaimed he, "on account of a book consecrated to the praise of Christ, I see myself accused, cited, despised, almost impeached of a capital crime, and the false witnesses remain unpunished: and their authors do not even deign to reply to the episcopal citation! Is it not the most mortal injury that they could do to him whom from respect I forbear to name?"*

It was in these circumstances that a voice, respected by all parties, was raised in favour of Paleario: it was the voice of Sadoletto. Summoned to Rome, to assist

* Allato *Libello de Christi Morte*, repetitum est testimonium a Volaterno. Falsum inventum est. Quid tum postea? Nihil est. Ego ob *Christi laudationem* accusatus toties, vocatus toties, ejectus toties, capitis prope fui condemnatus," etc.—*Oratio pro se ipso*, p. 105. This important passage proves two things: that Paleario was really the author of the *Beneficio*, and that in 1542, a year before the anonymous edition appeared at Venice, this book had been circulated in Tuscany.

Pope Paul III. with his counsels in this critical position of the church's affairs, the Bishop of Carpentras had quitted his diocese with reluctance, to receive the title of legate, and to proceed to Bologna, where the interview between the pontiff and Charles V. was to take place. Having arrived at Siena in the month of September, 1542, at the moment when the agitation was at its height, he endeavoured to calm it. In his conversations with Bandini, he let pass no opportunity of justifying Paleario, and of bearing witness to the elevation of his character and the purity of his faith. Paleario, having come to the episcopal palace to salute the legate, was received with the most flattering attention. Sadoletto treated him as a man to whom he was united by the bonds of old friendship, cemented by fellowship in study. After the first compliments, the conversation turned upon the serious subject which then occupied all minds; the archbishop took part in it, and betrayed the prejudices which they had infused into his mind. Sadoletto warmly defended Paleario. "I know him," said he; "we have more than once conversed at Rome on these serious subjects, and I have always found him of the opinion supported by the most august testimonies."*

* "Me de iis rebus quæ in questionem vocantur, Romæ secum disseruisse, et nunquam discessisse alia opinione quam quæ firmissima semper est habita."—*Opera*, p. 536.

Bandini returned to the charge, cited the reports, and appealed to the testimonies. Paleario replied with frankness, tempered by the respect due to the noble speakers.* The conversation was prolonged for some time, still intermingled with the warmest expressions of affection on the part of Sadoletto. "We must," said he, in conclusion, "guard against all novelties!" "God forbid," replied Paleario, "that I should suffer myself to be carried away by the love of innovation! There is nothing older than the truth."† Sadoletto took his hand, and, pressing it kindly, repeated the same advice. "I have no other sentiments," replied Paleario, "than those that every Christian ought to confess. My faith is that of the Catholic and Apostolic Church!" . . . He added not a word more; and this significant reserve sufficiently indicated that he had on his side an authority higher than that of Rome.

This conversation, incorrectly repeated and commented on in the most perfidious manner, furnished an additional weapon to the enemies of Paleario. After the departure of the legate, their attacks became more furious; and the magistrates, yielding to the popular pressure, cited Paleario before their tribunal as infected

* "Respon-di tamen modeste et humaniter."—*Opera*, p. 534.

† "Me novarum rerum non esse studiosum, qui putassem nunquam quidquam esse veritate antiquius."—*Ibid.*, pp. 536, 537.

with heresy. He went to the Palace of the Senate, where, ten years before, his voice had been raised in favour of a citizen proscribed by the fury of political factions, and where now he was to defend himself against an accusation more formidable still, because it concerned the faith. Upon the tribunal sat the governor, Francesco Sfondrato, and the chief justice Crasso, surrounded by the members of the Senate and of the Council of Eight,—some hostile to the accused, and not concealing their hatred, others secretly desiring his acquittal. The passions which animated the judges also agitated the tumultuous crowd which forced its way into the judgment hall. On one side were Melio Cotta, Marco Blaterone, and all the members of the monkish faction, who excited the hatred of the multitude by representing Paleario as an impious man, the enemy of all religion, because he had dared to point out the wickedness of its ministers; on the other, some friends faithful in misfortune, among whom were conspicuous, Ambrogio Spannochi, Camillo Chigi, and Father Egidio, one of the most venerated members of the Augustinian order. Accompanied by these friends, the accused came forward, leaning on his dearest pupil, Fausto Bellanti. To say the truth, the greatness of the debate went beyond its actors. On one side the servile spirit of the Middle Ages, the gross monachism which regards progress as accursed, and would wish to confine

the world within the circle of its puerile observances ; on the other, the spirit of the Renaissance, purified by the faith, dreaming of the emancipation of souls, only to bring them captive under the yoke of Christ.

The speech of Paleario was worthy of this great debate between ancient and modern things, which was then going on in almost every country in Europe ; and we cannot too much admire the mingled finesse and simplicity, heroism and candour, with which he defended himself before his judges. "It is a misfortune to be born at a time when neither piety nor virtue, nor the love of God and man, nor the desire to honour the Lord with a pure heart, can obtain respect! . . . Who could believe it? There are men so sour, so harsh, so ready to see evil in the most innocent actions, that no one can with impunity, in their presence, give glory to Christ, the Author of salvation, the King of all nations. Because this year I have written a book in the Tuscan language in which I extolled the benefits which flow from the death of Christ to the whole human race, they have made it the subject of a capital accusation against me. Can anything be imagined more odious? I said, 'Since He in whom is "all the fulness of the Godhead" has with such wondrous love shed his blood for our salvation, we ought no longer to doubt the Divine mercy ; but we ought to enjoy peace and perfect tranquillity.' I

affirmed, supported by the most sacred records of antiquity, that whoever looks to Jesus Christ crucified, trusts to his promises, and hopes in him alone, obtains from him the pardon of his sins, and the remedy for all his evils, because He will never disappoint those who put their trust in him.* And it is this which has appeared so bitter, so detestable, to these twelve wild beasts (for I cannot call them men), that they have declared with one voice that the author ought to be condemned to the flames! If I must suffer this punishment for the testimony which I have borne (for I regard my treatise rather as a testimony than as a book), then, gentlemen, nothing can happen more glorious for me. At a time like that in which we live, I do not believe that any Christian will die in his bed.† What matter if we are accused, imprisoned, beaten with rods, hung, sewn up in sacks, thrown to wild beasts, or cast into the

* Is it necessary to point out how completely every word of this remarkable passage applies to the *Beneficio*?—"Cujus ex morte quanta commoda allata sint humano generi, cum hoc ipso anno, Thusce scripsissem, objectum fuit in accusatione," etc.—*Opera*, pp. 101, 102. Even the names of the Fathers, mentioned a little further on, are also found in the treatise contested with Paleario. If he is not the author of it, to what other Italian work of the 16th century can we apply the clear and categorical declarations in his speech? This is the question which we venture to submit to M. Leopold Ranke.

† "Nihil est me beatius, P.C., neque etiam puto Christianum esse hoc tempore in lectulo mori."—*Opera*, p. 102.

flames, if, by these sufferings, the truth is brought to light?"*

At the same time that he openly confessed the doctrines of grace to which he had consecrated his hours of study, and which he was one day to seal with his blood, Paleario did not fear to avow, at a time when this avowal was most perilous, his sympathy for the foreign Reformers. "You accuse me," said he to his adversaries, "of holding the same opinions as the Germans. What a vulgar imputation! Do you mean by this all the Germans? Are they all in the wrong?

. . . and, if you accuse the theologians alone, have you a right to do so? Are there not many excellent theologians in Germany? Considering the great diversity of opinions which exists among them, to accuse me of making common cause with them is mere senseless talk. But your accusation, frivolous as it appears, has, I know, a hidden dart like the venomous sting of the serpent. By the Germans you doubtless understand Ecolampadius, Bucer, Erasmus, Melancthon, Luther, Pomeranus, and others who have been accused of heresy. But, assuredly, there is not among us any theologian so narrow-minded as not to confess that their writings contain truths worthy of all praise, set forth

* "Si his suppliciis in lucem veritas est proferenda."—*Opera*, p. 102.

with as much learning as fidelity, taken from the Fathers, who have bequeathed to us the doctrine of salvation, or from the commentaries of the Greek and Latin church, which, though not to be compared with the records of the primitive church, nevertheless deserve respect. Such are Origen, Chrysostom, Cyril, Irenæus, Jerome, and Augustine, whom you ought to accuse also. I have taken them as my models. Because the Germans have followed in the footsteps of these holy men, is that a sufficient reason that I should turn away from them with horror? . . . Do you approve, then, you may ask, of all that the Germans do? I do not fear to reply, 'I approve one part of what is done by them, I blame the other.' Without involving myself in minute details, I give praise to the Germans; and I believe that every man owes them gratitude for their zeal in dispelling the darkness of barbarism. The sacred writings were lying neglected in the shade of the monasteries; they have restored them to our love—I honour them for that! If these noble studies are revived in Germany; if we see forming in all directions Hebrew, Greek, and Latin libraries; if they are printing there at great expense the most beautiful editions of the holy books,—what, I ask, can be more noble and more worthy of eternal renown? We have subsequently seen in Germany civil discord, intestine war, seditions and

revolts, with all the evils which accompany them. I deplore it because of the bond of charity which ought to unite all Christians to one another. As we cannot too much praise the noble actions of the Germans, so we cannot too deeply deplore their faults and their misfortunes ! ”

To this eloquent defence of Germany, Paleario opposed the melancholy picture of the situation of Italy, sighing vainly for a council so many times promised, and delivered up to all the severity of the Inquisition. He dared to compare the sentences of the Holy Office to a dagger always raised over the head of authors, and ever ready to sacrifice virtue, faith, and genius.* He called to their remembrance the censures directed against Sadoletto himself, whose commentaries on St. Paul had incurred the reproach of heresy. The name of Ochino was present to all minds; and, doubtless, many hearts were touched, many eyes moistened with tears, when there fell from the lips of the courageous orator the following magnificent eulogium on the most illustrious of the children of Siena, then saving himself from death by flight :—“ Is it not, I ask, to the fury of these ignorant and sanguinary men that we are to impute the melancholy fate of Ochino, who, notwithstanding

* “ Desperaremus posse fieri, ut sica ista districta in omnes scriptores, de manibus eorum extorqueatur.”—*Opera*, p. 102.

his austere and holy life, seeing himself delivered without defence to the rage of his enemies, has been obliged to seek safety in flight? And now, I say it with grief, the most illustrious of your fellow-citizens, banished from Italy, exiled from his native city, wanders far away in a foreign land. What cities, what unknown lands would not rejoice to possess such a man? Happy the people who may be able to retain him among them, and gather the fruits of his virtues and of his genius! There is no land so barbarous as to be insensible to the charms of his eloquence.* Perhaps God has led him into countries rent and divided by the diversity of opinions, in order that, by his voice, those who are far from the kingdom of Christ may be brought near and reconciled, and that the truth may at last find a resting-place on earth! Your looks and your tears speak eloquently, gentlemen, of all that Tuscany has lost, and not Tuscany alone, but all Italy, whose cities had no halls sufficiently large, no applause sufficiently enthusiastic, for the virtue and the genius of a man who is now suffering all the miseries of exile."

Paleario was not less happily inspired when, apostrophizing his accusers, one after another, he unmasked their baseness, their hypocrisy, and the vile passions

* "Nulla gens tam fera est, nulla tam barbara, tam immanis quæ ejus oratione flecti non possit," etc.—*Opera*, p. 103.

which were the soul of the plot formed against him :
“ You think yourself, then, a Christian, Cotta, because you wear upon your purple robe the cross of Christ, while, at the same time, you tread under foot one of your brethren, an innocent man, the living image of Christ? . . . And, when you came every day to instil lies, and to insinuate calumny into the ears of the Council of Eight, did you think you were doing a pious work, a meritorious action, such as a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, or to the shrine of our Lady of Loretto?”* But Paleario spoke with still loftier disdain of the monks who were bent upon his ruin because he had unveiled their crimes. “ What shall I say of Pansa and Ciano, those thieves retired from business, who, having been summoned by me before a court of justice for burglary, have doubtless wished to cause me to be punished in return? It is possible to oppress innocence, but not to put it to shame; whilst theft, disguised as pious fraud, remains without excuse. It is, indeed, a sad spectacle to see these hypocrites prowling here and there through the city, pillaging our houses, and doing all their knavish tricks with impunity.† I have dared to name them, and that is my crime. I knew when

* *Opera*, p. 89.

† “ Monstra religionis tam libere vagari in civitate, ut exhauriant domos et impune furentur.”—*Ibid.*, p. 101.

I did so that I was bringing on myself the enmity of all the Capuchin tribe. Like a troop of unclean beasts, when one of them is wounded, all the band rushes on the aggressor.”* But the adversaries of Paleario were to be found also among the higher ranks of the clergy, of the academy, and even in the episcopal palace. He knew this, and, reverting in a touching manner to himself, he gloried in his weakness and his poverty: “My humble patrimony has nothing in common with the luxury and magnificence of some of those who attack me. My household is modest and unpretending; but within me there is a tranquil, joyous, quiet conscience, which no remorse torments by day, and which no furies, with their burning torches, terrify by night. They boast of sitting on gilded chairs, being crowned with a diadem, wearing the purple, and treading under foot costly carpets. For my part, to live in my library, seated on a simple bench, is all my happiness. A woollen covering to keep me from the cold, clean linen to wipe the sweat from my brow, a humble bed in which to repose, is all that I need! And do thou, O merciful Lord Jesus Christ, preserve and increase, according to thy will, the gifts which I receive from thee! Thou hast added to these, contempt for earthly riches, and a firm resolve not to

* “Uno læso, gregatim ingruunt universi.”—*Opera*, p. 101.

speak according to my own feelings and my self-will, but agreeably to the truth! Oh, deign to add to these benefits piety, moderation, and continence, and to crown me with all the virtues which are pleasing to thee in thy children!"*

In the conclusion of his speech, Paleario appealed, not without exciting deep feeling in his audience, to the presence of the numerous witnesses who had come from Colle, his adopted city, to testify to his innocence. "I see among them," exclaimed he, "Francesconi, the most upright of citizens, and the eminent jurisconsult Hieronimo Bandinelli, son of Gini, whose probity is equal to his kindness. Here are the noble family of the Petrucci, and with them the Tancredi, the Placidi, the Malevolti, and so many others, . . . who, in the doleful days of the Republic, sought an asylum at Colle, and found there the most generous hospitality! Here are the brothers Bellanti, the flower of the youth of Siena. Their eyes are fixed on me in such a way that I cannot restrain my tears, while they cannot refrain from weeping. How is it possible, indeed, that they should not suffer, when they see me the object of so much hatred, and exposed to death for having courageously defended their father and their home? . . .

* "Iis rebus cumules, quas tibi et tuis scio esse gratissimas."
—*Opera*, p. 94.

And thou, companion of my studies, noble Bono, why dost thou redouble my grief by the sight of thine, and by the remembrance of thy friendship? Why didst thou keep me here when I wished to leave Tuscany? Thou wouldst not now have seen me reduced to such cruel extremity; and, after the loss of Caroli, and the tears that he has cost us, thou wouldst not again have been obliged to see the ruin of thy friend, to press the hand of his judges, to solicit their pity for one whom thou wouldst have desired to see happy, surrounded by esteem and honour in thy country! But what do I see more? Is it, indeed, thou, O companion of my life, who appearest before this tribunal, accompanied by the noblest and most pious matrons, to throw thyself with thy children, in the deepest mourning, at the feet of my judges? Retire, Marietta, thou who art dearer to me than the light of day! Return to our home; care for our children. Christ will be their Father; he is the orphan's stay! But, in the agony of her grief, she faints! Support her, I beseech you, you who have been like my second mother; try to console her."* Such were the last words of a defence which might be compared with the finest harangues of Cicero and of Demosthenes. The impression produced upon his judges was

* "Excipe istam . . . reduc si potes, amove causam lachrymarum."—*Opera*, p. 108.

strong and deep. Raised above the passions of the multitude, the governor, Francesco Sfondrato, proclaimed the innocence of Paleario, and pronounced his acquittal.

This triumph served only to redouble the fury of his adversaries. They had not been able to obtain the condemnation of Paleario, but, by the noise and publicity created by the accusation, they had closed to him for ever the chairs of the University of Siena; they had made him suspected at Rome, thus sowing in the future the germ of an accusation more fatal to Paleario. His friends understood this, and, representing to him the dangers which threatened innovators, exhorted him to renounce theological studies and to content himself, in present circumstances, with clothing the ideas of the peripatetics in elegant language. Such was the import of a letter from Sadoletto, in which the warmest affection for Paleario was mingled with the most flattering homage to his character and to his talents. "It was just that literature, cultivated by you from your childhood with so much love, should not fail him who invoked its aid only to secure the good of others. You have composed in your defence a forcible and elegant speech, to which, in truth, no kind of beauty is wanting. I say it without flattery, your eloquence is dazzling and brilliant as the lightning.* When I read it

* "In quâ mihi tonare et fulgurare videris, neque id assen-

I feel myself touched, electrified by the vehement impetuosity of your discourse. It flies like a javelin, thrown by a vigorous arm, the quivering of which produces innumerable vibrations in the heart! . . . Notwithstanding, I beseech you, in Bembo's name and mine, listen to the counsel of two men who love you, and have nothing dearer than your interest. Since we live at a time when calumny watches our least words, and misrepresents all our thoughts,—seek for a subject more favourable for the development of your genius. Why not devote yourself, for example, to the study of moral questions, which are the glory of the peripatetic philosophers, but which have never been clothed in pure and elegant Latin? These are subjects which may be discussed and investigated without danger. You are not forbidden to think of your own quiet and peace of mind.”* The character of Sadoletto is fully depicted in this affectionate and pacific language. The counsels of prudent friendship are not misplaced in times of revolution. It is well to follow them, but it is noble sometimes to forget them, remembering the Divine promise: “Whosoever shall confess me before tatoris. . . Cum tua lego, sic afficio ut inflammor et impetu quodam rapiar vehementis orationis.”—*Epist. Famil., Opera.* p. 557.

* “Postremum illud est ut tranquillitati servias.”—*Opera,* p. 557.

men, him will I confess before my Father which is in heaven!" Christ has promised crowns both to the meek, who sigh in secret for heaven, and to "the violent, who take it by force."

Paleario, however, could not but acknowledge the wisdom of the counsels of Sadoletto, and the victory which he had just gained over his enemies did not blind him to the perils of his position. "It is my unfortunate fate," wrote he to Francesco Ricci, of Florence, "to have had to struggle for two years against these monkish grubs, and, if your credit has sustained me in the struggle, I ought, nevertheless, to take good care in future to have nothing to do with people such as these. Perhaps I ought to renounce for a time the theological commentaries, the eulogies and discourses which I had begun, whether in verse or in prose, till the dagger is taken out of the hands of ignorance and envy. Our adversaries cannot endure the revival of sacred literature. They like better to put the light under a bushel, and to live in darkness, than to obey the voice of Christ, and place the candlestick on the top of a mountain, whence its life-giving rays may carry joy and consolation into the hearts of men. If through the goodness of God, the kings and princes who govern Christendom should ever resolve to convoke a pious and learned council, to abolish abuses and restore

truth to honour,—be assured that its holy decisions would find no more violent adversaries than these false doctors, who for centuries have delighted in darkening not only human science, but also the Divine knowledge, from which flows all light and all life.” Feelingly aware of the dangers to which Paleario was exposed, his friends endeavoured to obtain for him a position in which he might display his rare talents as professor. Their eyes were cast by turns on Florence and on Lucca, where he might be effectually supported by the protection of the Medici. A residence at Florence, where he had so many illustrious friendships, could not but be pleasing to Paleario. “Indeed, if I am ever delivered from the anxieties caused by the debt contracted here, there is no place where I would rather live and die than in the brilliant city where all those whom I love are assembled, Verini, Vettori, Campano, and Ricci, who rival each other in goodness to me, and affectionate zeal for my cause. If fortune realizes my most earnest wishes, they shall be my patrons, my models; if, in my weakness, I can only follow in their footsteps, I shall have, at least, the consolation of praising their virtues.”*

It was not, however, at Florence that Paleario’s residence was to be fixed, but in a city nearer to Pisa.

* “Quos ego si mea tenuitate non queam imitari, ero tamen virtutum laudator.”—*Opera*, p. 514.

The University of Lucca, after having shone with the greatest splendour, had fallen into a period of decay, aggravated by the retirement or death of its ablest professors. The Lucchese Gherardo Sergiusti had obtained great success in the explanation of Latin literature. He died in 1542; and Robertello, being called shortly after to Pisa, had left a void in the academy difficult to fill. Already anxious to find a successor, he had cast his eyes on Paleario, whose talents were known to him. In 1540, he wrote thus to Vettori: "We have deeply at heart the interests of Aonio. We love him and we admire him for his rare learning and genius."* An intrigue, ably managed, called to Lucca, Marco Blaterone, the implacable enemy of Paleario; and, from that time, hatred and envy never ceased to rage against the latter. Being informed by one of the magistrates of Lucca of the existence of this cabal, Paleario wrote: "You tell me that you fear that calumnious reports against me have been sent to the chiefs of the republic. I shall tell you, if you do not know, who is the author of them. It is Marco Blaterone: this impudent man, justly ridiculed in a comedy by Aretino, and as ignorant of the Latin language as the savage inhabitants of the Taurus. During his stay at Siena, he has never ceased

* "Amamus et admiramur ob singularem doctrinam et ingenium."—MS., Bandini.

to plot against me, in order to prevent my nomination to the chair of Latin literature; and he has filled it so disgracefully that he has obtained nothing but the most humiliating nicknames from his pupils. Would that he were as well known in Lucca as he is in Venice!

. . . Do not be surprised if this expert master in the art of lying has spread the same calumnies against me of which he made use at Siena, to get rid of a dangerous competitor. I shall avenge myself in the only way which becomes an honest man. One cannot more severely punish a man who plumes himself on empty learning than by provoking him in writing, by chastising him with some satire, in verse or in prose. The pen is the only weapon of literary men. Let Blaterone strike me if he can! I despise the author; I dread only the calumniator. If, as I must conjecture, the magistrates of Lucca have been induced by his lies to entertain a false opinion of me, warn them of it in a friendly manner, and beseech them to believe nothing lightly concerning me; tell them that Paleario is not an infidel, but a Christian, ready to die, if need be, for the glory of Christ.”* It required all the recommendations of Vettori, joined to those of Sadoletto and of Bembo, to dispel the prejudices excited against Paleario,

* “Christianum hominem esse me, atque eum qui, si usu veniat, pro Christo emori possum.”—*Opera*, pp. 553, 554.

and compel Blaterone to silence. In the first months of the year 1546, Paleario was elected Professor of Eloquence in the University of Lucca.

A letter written about this time contains the expression of his thanks to the senate: "Although I cannot flatter myself that I possess the learning and the talents ascribed to me by illustrious friends, I esteem myself very happy to be called to a city of Tuscany justly renowned for the wisdom of its laws. None are ignorant of your virtues. All Italy admires the prudence and the moderation which you display in the government of a republic, which, thanks to you, has never ceased to flourish and to prosper in the most critical times. . . . To these merits you add another—the love of letters, on which it is pleasant for me particularly to dwell. If perseverance and order never fail you when it is necessary to cross the seas to extend the limits of your commerce, and to open a new source of riches to your country, you will not show yourselves less zealous for the progress of public education. I need no other proof of this than your choice of the eminent men whom you have set over the education of youth, and the taste for liberal studies manifested by so great a number of your citizens. May I, in my turn, justify your expectations by the happy fruits of a teaching for which the labours of my whole life have prepared me! . . . I shall

neglect nothing to merit your approbation. If there are professors more eloquent or more able than I am, you will soon acknowledge that there is not one more anxious to please you by contributing to the prosperity of your schools."

The precise date of the settlement of Paleario at Lucca is unknown to us. Sixteen years of his life had passed away since his first arrival at Siena. Notwithstanding the trials which had marked the latter years of his stay, it was, doubtless, not without regret that he quitted this city and the hospitable town of Colle, where the remembrance of him has not been effaced by the lapse of three centuries. In this suburb of St. Catherine, the house may still be seen which a tradition, carefully preserved, points out as his dwelling; and the municipal magistrates, faithful guardians of local glories, have lately done honour to themselves by deciding that a commemorative inscription should be placed there.* It was not without emotion that we read these words, which revived before our eyes past scenes so worthy of remembrance: "Here lived Aonio Paleario."

* "Considerando che il fine di perpetuare la memoria del luogo abitato da persona nota nella storia e sempre commendevole," etc.—Deliberation of 23rd November, 1851.

CHAPTER V.

PALEARIO, PROFESSOR AT LUCCA.

AMONG the cities of Tuscany there is none which presents a more smiling aspect than Lucca. After leaving Siena and Florence, whose narrow streets and gloomy fortress-like palaces recall the memory of the stormy republics of the Middle Ages, and a few miles from Pisa, the melancholy witness of a past hopelessly buried under the stones of the Campo Santo, the city which flourishes between the Serchio and the Ozzori seems like a charming vision. Although Lucca possesses none of those monuments in which art displays its marvels, and where the genius of a man or of a century seems personified; although the old Lombard cathedral of San Frediano cannot compare with the churches of which the cities on the Arno are so proud,—yet Nature, lavishing her favours on Lucca, has gifted her more richly than her rivals. Her fields, cultivated like gardens, produce maize, the orange, and the olive. The grape ripens upon her hill sides, and the snows of the

Apennines appear above the smiling southern landscape, as if to offer a happy contrast to the fertility of a soil which is adorned by the fruits of every climate, and where industry and agriculture alike bestow their favours. The character of the inhabitants seems to be in some degree influenced by the delicious air which they breathe, a singular harmony which was remarked by the Venetian ambassadors even in the sixteenth century. "The citizens of this republic," say they, "are naturally polished, modest, and very benevolent, as well as liberal in the management of their business."*

The history of Lucca, like that of most of the cities of Italy before the sixteenth century, presents but a long series of discord and trouble, interrupted only by foreign war. Coveted at an early period by the Medici, the little republic threw itself into the arms of Charles V., and obtained the confirmation of its privileges at the price of ten thousand crowns of gold. The emperor did not disdain to visit it in person in 1536. Riding round the ramparts, which are now transformed into a gay promenade, he seemed much struck with the advantages of its position, and said to the Marquis di Guasto, who accompanied him :—"This city is not only a plea-

* " . . . Naturalmente cortesi e modesti, e di molta bonta, perche procedono liberalmente nelle cose loro."—*Fonds Vatican*, vol. 6786, folio 332.

sant summer residence, but it is so strong, that, if well supplied with men and ammunition, it might sustain a long siege." Notwithstanding this eulogy, which seemed to threaten its liberty, Lucca was not subjected to the affront of a Spanish garrison, and, by means of sums of money, offered at the right time, contrived to secure an intermediate position between dependence and liberty.

The emperor returned to Lucca in 1543, to hold a conference with Paul III. as to the means of re-establishing peace in the church. From the time when Cæsar, Crassus, and Pompey, had met in this city to renew the triumvirate, it had not seen so many noble visitors assembled within its walls. The emperor lodged in the palace belonging to the family of the Diodati. One night he was awakened by a strange noise, cries and groans, followed by hasty steps on the staircase. The lady of the house had just given birth to a son. Charles V. wished to present him at the baptismal font. The pope officiated. This child, thus welcomed at his entrance into life by the two most august representatives of civil and religious order, was the father of John Diodati, who translated the Bible into Italian, and was the worthy forerunner of a family distinguished in the annals of sacred literature.*

* Vulliemin, *Histoire de la Confédération, Suisse*, vol. xi., p. 392.

Long before this time, the Reformation had made its way into the republic of Lucca. Its principal citizens, such as the Micheli, the Balbani, and the Arnolfini, being wholly occupied with the silk trade, the source of their riches, made frequent journeys to the other side of the Alps. They had counting-houses in Lyons, where the new spirit was at work, and correspondents in Geneva, which was then struggling with its bishops, and which a twofold revolution was soon afterwards to free both from the authority of the dukes of Savoy and from that of Rome. These merchants brought back into their country, along with the gold of France and Germany, the writings of the Reformers, the reading of which agitated the minds of all. From the 10th of March, 1525, a decree of the *Anziani* prohibited the introduction of Lutheran books into Lucca, under the penalty of a fine of fifty ducats.* But this edict only increased the number of the readers of the prohibited books, and the Reformation soon numbered more than one convert among members of Luccchese families. Its progress was accelerated by an event which transformed this small republic, the vassal of Charles V., into one of the principal centres of heresy (so called) in the Peninsula.

In the month of June, 1541, there arrived within the walls of Lucca a stranger of mean appearance, though

* *Archivio Storico Italiano*, vol. x., p. 62, Appendix.

of celebrated name, who had scarcely recovered from a serious illness, caused by the fatigues of preaching at Naples. This stranger was Peter Martyr. He belonged to the order of the Augustines, which he had vainly tried to bring back to a more austere rule. Having been named visitor-general of his order, it was not long before he exchanged this title for that of prior of the monastery of San Frediano. He now came to seek, under the clear sky of Lucca, the repose which his failing health required. Coldly received at first as a Florentine, his amiable qualities and his talents soon dispelled these prejudices, and won all hearts. He profited by this influence to begin secretly a work of reformation, in which he was seconded by several distinguished men, his followers or his friends—Paolo Lacisio of Verona, the Count Celso Martinengo of Brescia, Emmanuele Tremelli of Ferrara, Girolamo Lanchi of Bergamo, to whom was added Celio Secondo Curione, a celebrated Piedmontese refugee, who, proscribed in his own country, and no longer finding a safe asylum in the court of Ferrara, had entered the Arnolfini family as tutor. A college for the Greek and Hebrew languages was formed under the direction of Peter Martyr, in which the Holy Scriptures were studied with depth and originality. He himself preached every Sunday in the chapel of San Frediano; and the epistles

of St. Paul supplied him with texts from which to explain the doctrines of grace to a numerous and attentive auditory. Among them were several young patriicians, who showed the most eager thirst for the truth, purified from all superstition. Beside them were seen young women brought up in all the delicacies of luxury, who, at a later period, bravely encountered exile, poverty, and all the sufferings of a wandering life for the sake of the pure gospel which they had silently received into their hearts. Brighter days never shone on Lucca than those of the Evangelical Renaissance, with which must ever be associated the names of Curione and of Martyr.*

The storm which rose over Italy in 1542, and destroyed or scattered so many germs just beginning to spring, did not spare Lucca. Whilst Ochino, traversing Verona and Milan, journeyed toward Switzerland, and while the tribunal of the Holy Office gave the signal for persecution in the Peninsula, Cardinal Bartolomio Guidiccione, then at Rome, complained bitterly of the progress of heresy in his diocese. "We have heard in different ways how greatly the pestiferous errors of the abominable sect of Luther have increased in our city. Though they may seem to be extinct, they have only slept for a time, to awake again more threatening than

* Ch. Eynard, *Lucques et les Burlamacchi*, p. 90, etc.

ever, as every one may see. Being a member of this city, invested with the twofold dignity of bishop and of cardinal, and knowing how much God is offended by the progress of this evil, it is my duty to remedy it while there is still time, and to assure you that, if you do not put your hand to the work speedily, others will act in your place in a manner that will not please you.”* Guidiccione particularly mentioned the convents of St. Augustine and of Fregonara as infected with the spirit of innovation. Without venturing to name Peter Martyr, he demanded the immediate arrest of Celio Secondo Curione,† the guest of the Arnolfini family, and the adoption of the most vigorous measures against the favourers of heresy. Great was the perplexity of the magistrates of Lucca, who were equally desirous to calm the irritation of the Roman court, and to save two pious and learned men, who were surrounded by public consideration and esteem. After some hesitation, Curione consented to leave the city, and retired to the country of the Grisons. Martyr, cited before the superior of his order at Genoa, and fearing a snare, followed the example of Ochino, and, after having celebrated the communion with his followers at Pisa, he directed his steps to Fer-

* *Archivio Storico Italiano*, vol. x., Appendix.

† “Quel Celio che sta in casa di messer Niccolo Arnolfini.”—*Ibid.* Letter of 22nd July, 1542.

rara, the first stage of the journey that was to fix him an exile in Strasbourg.

He was received there with the utmost respect and regard, whilst his flight caused the greatest consternation at Lucca. The Evangelical congregation, deprived of their head, did not lose courage. They continued to assemble, under the direction of ministers raised up from among themselves; and they still received the instructions of their old pastors, notwithstanding the rigorous edicts which prohibited all correspondence with the banished on pain of confiscation and death. Peter Martyr thus wrote to them:—"You have made such consoling progress in the gospel that I have had no occasion to stir up your zeal by my letters; and my only care has been to name you with honour in every place, and to thank our Heavenly Father for the abundant blessings that he has shed upon you. . . . I was happy to think that my hand had inaugurated the spiritual work, which has not been without fruit among you, notwithstanding its feeble beginnings. My joy has been increased since I have known that Providence has sent you, after me, more able teachers, whose enlightened care and salutary instructions have confirmed your belief in the doctrines of salvation."* Thus, in obscurity, did the Reformation continue to make progress

* *Loci Communes*, p. 771.

in Lucca when it was suppressed elsewhere. The Bible was read in the privacy of the domestic hearth. Christ had sincere worshippers; and his teachings, engraven in many souls, implanted there the germ of stoical resolutions and sacrifices for the sake of religion in the future.

It was in the midst of these conjunctures that Paleario arrived at Lucca. After the publicity of the prosecution which had been carried on against him at Siena, and the report of the speech that he had pronounced before his judges, his sentiments were no longer a mystery in Tuscany. Prudence, however, required him to crush down the expression of them into the depths of his own heart. He had, besides, come under an engagement to his friends Bembo and Sadoletto to be silent, at least in public, on the subjects which could not be touched upon without peril; and he kept his word, if we may judge by the speeches he pronounced during the eleven years of his sojourn at Lucca.* The first of these academical

* These speeches, to the number of nine, are, as their title indicates, only the development of the commonplaces of Moral Philosophy. One alone is an exception; it is entitled *De Optimis Studiis Defensis*. Another, entitled *De Felicitate*, contains a touching allusion to the silence which Paleario, as professor, had imposed upon himself with respect to his most cherished beliefs. We must add to these the elegant defence of Sulpicius, *In Murenam*, which he composed in answer to the speech of Cicero, *Pro Murena*, and which procured for its author

harangues was consecrated to the praise of eloquence. Recalling the darkness which had enveloped the human mind during the long period of the middle ages, he praised the revival of letters and arts, in rendering honour to the doctrines which can alone keep up in the mind of youth the consciousness of immortality. He showed moral philosophy, jurisprudence, and medicine, receiving a new impulse, and borrowing from the art of oratory the communicative power, the splendid eloquence which increases two fold the empire of truth. Eloquence is a virtue, when united to patriotism in the souls of the Gracchi and of Cato. Sparta, Athens, and Rome sufficiently testify the services that eloquence may render to republics, even in their decline. But there is no eloquence worthy of the name without freedom. Its last accents may suffice to console a people, but cannot raise them from the state of servitude into which they have been precipitated by their own faults, aggravated by the misfortunes of the time.

This speech of Paleario, animated with noble thoughts, worthily inaugurated his teaching at Lucca. Instead of sacred antiquity, which he was carefully to avoid, Greek

the eulogy of the jurisconsult Alciato. It is one of those ingenious imitations which were liked during the Renaissance, and which are, perhaps, too much disdained at the present day. See the letter of Alciato.—*Opera*, pp. 599, 600.

and Roman literature opened to him their treasures. Aristotle and Cicero were the authors whom he proposed to explain. The first furnished him with the admirable analyses of the operations of the human mind, in which good sense is united to depth; in the second, he found those models of the oratorical art which contain not less science than genius. "In order to be useful to the youth of this city, and to those who love the study of the Greek language, I shall begin by explaining the logic of Aristotle, that I may draw ancient wisdom from its very source, and not from the streams which flow from it.* My lessons will be equally appropriate for those who love eloquence and philosophy, for without the science of reason it is impossible to rise to the theory of our duties. . . . If there be among my young auditors any noble mind so happily gifted by Heaven, as to feel himself attracted by I know not what secret impulse to the study of eternal truth, he will find, in this intellectual discipline, at least a means of guiding himself through the labyrinth of theological controversies." These words sufficiently indicate that it was not without regret that Paleario had given up teaching that knowledge which is as much superior to all other kinds of learning, as the things of heaven are greater than

* "Ut non ex rivulis quorundam, sed ex fonte ipso habeant juvenes quod hauriant."—*Opera*, p. 119.

those of the earth. We find a new proof of this in the beautiful eulogy which in a letter to Bartolomeo Ricci, he wrote in praise of the Duchess of Ferrara, whose talents and piety were alike well known in Italy. "Where can we find an example more worthy of being mentioned than that of a princess, the daughter of a king, and the companion of a distinguished prince, who disdains not to occupy herself with the same studies which engage us, and who excels in them? Do we not know that Anna and Lucretia, the brilliant daughters of Renée, are ignorant of none of the secrets of the Greek and Latin languages? Their mother did not rest satisfied with the study of profane literature; but consulting only her elevated tastes, and the love of holiness which marks all her actions, she consecrates her maturity to the study of religion, and to meditation on heavenly things."*

It is in his correspondence with Bartolomeo Ricci that we find the first impressions of Paleario after his arrival at Lucca, and the secret feelings of disenchantment with his new situation, which were mingled with the fulfilment of his duties as professor. "If I write to you less frequently than our mutual friendship would require, you must attribute this, not to negligence or forgetful-

* "Maturiore ætate se ad coelestes artes et disciplinas theologorum retulit."—*Opera*, p. 564.

ness, but to my inability to show my gratitude to you as I should like to do. God is my witness that I every day deplore more deeply being obliged to devote my time to the insipid work of interpreter of the Greek and Latin authors, a thankless task to which I am condemned rather from the necessity of the case, than from any fault of mine. I have always thought (as my favourite studies sufficiently prove) that it is disgraceful to a man who is capable of better things to give up his independence, and waste his talents in a servile reproduction of the thoughts of others. But the smallness of my patrimony, along with the necessary expenses of a wife brought up in some degree of luxury, and children accustomed to want for nothing, oblige me to remain in a situation for which I had never any taste. . . . I am obliged to speak every day almost without preparation, a task suited only to sophists. In order not to imitate their example, I devote some hours every day to meditation, and I am obliged to take these hours from my night's rest." Notwithstanding this confession, which escaped from Paleario in a moment of fatigue and depression, his classes were most successful, and attracted numerous students to Lucca. He was at first engaged as professor for a year; but his engagement was soon renewed for three years. The friendship felt for him by the most distinguished citizens, who con-

tested with each other the privilege of receiving him in their sumptuous villas, is the best proof of the consideration which he quickly obtained among them by his character and his talents.

It was amid the occupations of this laborious life that he received the tidings of the death of Bembo, to whom he rendered a public homage in a discourse delivered in the month of February, 1547.* The loss of this illustrious friend, who had been the benevolent patron of his literary career, preceded by some months a loss which Paleario felt still more. Sadoletto died at Rome on the 18th of October of the same year, after having seen, along with Contarini, the ruin of his hopes, and the failure of his noblest designs. The pacification of Europe, then troubled by the rivalry between the houses of France and Austria, the reformation of the church by the universal consent of the Christian princes, reconciled in the name of Christ—such had been the dream of his life, and this dream had vanished. Nothing can be more melancholy than his last letters. “Days of confusion,” exclaims he, “age of troubles and misfortunes, when everything of which we seize hold to re-establish the tottering framework of society crumbles at the touch like a ruined wall!” In his house on the Quirinal, surrounded by the homage of a people who

* De Republicâ, *Opera*, p. 127.

revered him as a saint, his only wish was to return to his humble diocese. His illness did not give him time to do so. His last days were passed in unspeakable melancholy. "It is with reluctance that I remain at Rome, and that I lead a life so contrary to the plans that I had formed for my old age! . . . I long only for silence and solitude. It is no longer Carpentras nor St. Felix, with its smiling gardens, that I require. It is a desert where I might rest my weary head and die in peace!"* This interval of repose between time and eternity, which so many men have wished for in vain, was not granted to Sadoletto. He expired in the arms of the nephew who was to perpetuate his virtues. With him disappeared one of the noblest minds which have honoured literature and religion.

The death of Sadoletto and of Bembo deprived the church of two men whose moderation and wisdom were esteemed by all parties. Of the generation which they had adorned, there remained in Italy only Pole and Flaminio. The former was then animated by the tolerant and pure spirit to which his conduct in England

* "Nihil mihi tam dulce præter solitudinem et silentiam. . . ."—*Epist. Famil.* Roman Edition, pp. 1106, 1107. See also an interesting Thesis by M. Joly, *Etude sur Sadolet*, 8vo. Paris, 1856.

at a later period presented such a melancholy contrast ; the latter rising in his writings to the highest degrees of spirituality, and celebrating in verses worthy of Tibullus the joys of the Christian faith. Paleario loved Pole and Flaminio, and he was loved by them. On his last journey to Rome, he had been received by them in the most flattering manner. He also allowed no opportunity to escape him of keeping them in mind of him. Lilio Silvestri, a young Lucchese patrician, having gone to pass some months at Rome, Paleario recommended him warmly to Flaminio, who could not but encourage him in the study of sacred literature. "I hear," wrote Paleario to Silvestri, "that you are now reading the epistles of St. Paul. It is assuredly, Flaminio, your friend and mine, who has caused you to take pleasure in theology. May God bless him abundantly for having revealed to you the source of true happiness and the rule of a pure and Christian life ! . . . If I am not mistaken, and notwithstanding all my desire to see you again, beware of quitting Rome and of leaving the house of Flaminio. Perhaps he is at this moment re-united to Pole. What benefit ought you not to derive from your conversation with such men. I have longed for your return, but now I shall think of it no more. Neither country, family, friends, nor anything which you hold most dear, should be preferred by you to the advantages of such holy com-

panionship.”* In another of Paleario’s letters, the names of Pole and Flaminio are joined with that of the protonotary Carnesecchi, in the same salutation, “pure and pious souls,” then united in a brotherly concord, which permitted not even the most discerning eye to foresee the sad diversity of their destinies.

Flaminio did not live long enough to see, in the vicissitudes of the time, Pole a persecutor, and Carnesecchi a martyr. He died on the 21st of March, 1550, scarcely fifty-seven years of age, mourned by his most illustrious contemporaries, and regretted by all. None expressed this regret better than Paleario: “The wound in my heart, caused by the deaths of Bembo and of Sadoletto, was not yet healed, when it was pierced anew by the loss of a man to whom I was united by the closest friendship! . . . My sole occupation is to think of Flaminio, and to speak of him, and this I find the only solace in my sorrow. As I feel that my grief for the loss of three such precious friends can never be assuaged, I try to beguile my thoughts, and succeed for a moment in doing so, by thinking of the virtues with which they were adorned. I then forget the sadness of the time in which these three men have been taken away, and I dare

* “Nullæ meæ litteræ, nullæ preces . . . tanti esse debent, si cum Flaminio apud Polum es, ut te loco moveas.”
—*Opera*, p. 562.

not think of the days that are to follow. As, indeed, we see that a long famine often suddenly succeeds those prosperous years when a fertile soil, and favourable seasons, have produced great abundance of fruit, so our age, which has produced more orators and poets than any other century, will be followed, I fear, by an era sterile in genius, notwithstanding its agitations. In any case, no Bembo, no Sadoletto, no Flaminio, can reappear, and with them all light seems to me withdrawn from the world.”* Vettori and Maffei sympathized with Paleario in his grief, rendering a worthy homage to the follower of Valdez, to the friend of Victoria Colonna, to the religious poet, who by his aspirations belonged to the Reformation, but whose pacific tastes retained him in a church which has never ceased to glory in his name, even while censuring his writings.

The year 1550, the stormy solstice of the period between the Reformation and the wars of religion, seems to have been a time of trial to Paleario. There are periods in life when the strongest minds are seized with a deep feeling of weariness, when the disproportion between the ideal which they pursue, and the work which it is given them to accomplish here below, appears before them all at once, and fills them with sadness. Paleario felt this.

* “Et istis occidentibus quasi solem excidisse e mundo.”
—*Opera*, p. 601.

The success of his teaching at Lucca could not deceive him as to the barrenness of the domain in which his activity was exercised, nor conceal from him the growing decay of religion, and the deplorable state of the church, the wounds of which he had so often probed. Francesco Corsini, one of the friends of his childhood, having urged him to pay a visit to Veroli, he sadly replied, "You ask me when we shall see each other again. Alas! I know not. Yet I hope to go to Rome in the summer vacation, and to spend three days with you. But the way is long, my health delicate, and I shall be obliged to stop more than once on the road. Besides, shall I tell you? I have no wish for this journey, except for the desire that I feel to see once more those among whom I should like so much to live and to die. You cannot imagine how much I am disgusted with the pomp of the Sacred College, and the aversion which I feel for certain personages, who live in dissipation, displaying equal contempt for God and man. I could not, in truth, see such a spectacle with indifference. At each step, I should meet new causes of distress. I had hoped that the disorders of the clergy would have been restrained by episcopal censures. If the bishops understood their duties, we should see religion reformed, and justice and holiness revived. Since it is otherwise, for what should I go to Rome? Live, then, happily,

in the county of the Hernici, since you cannot bear the scandals to which others accommodate themselves so easily.* Enjoy in peace, the virtues and the holy society of Philonardi. I had rather spend one day with him, in his villa of Fibrene, than all my life in the palaces of these despisers of religion!”

We find again the same sentiments in a letter to Giuseppe Jova, secretary to the Prince of Salerno: “We live in such a time, and with such men, that it were best to fly from all society. But since that cannot be, let us resign ourselves to live. . . . For my own part, I begin to detest the whole human race—changed, beyond recognition, by the enchantments of a new Circe. Is it the spirit of routine? Is it cowardice? There is no longer a man worthy of the name!”† In these days of bitterness and disenchantment, though Paleario found a most affectionate welcome among those families in Lucca, who mourned with him over the evils of the times, and found in the gospel sources of hope and consolation; yet his chief delight was to return to Colle, and take refuge in his humble domain of Cecignano. There is something strengthening and consoling in the aspect of scenes which

* “In Hernicis vive, fruire integritate Philonardi, sanctissimi viri,” etc. . . . —*Opera*, p. 596.

† “Cepit me incredibile odium generis humani quod vel a consuetudine, vel ignavia, veluti ab aliquâ Circe est immutatum,” etc.—*Ibid*, p. 590.

we love. Nature is a friend which soothes our joys and our griefs. "Oh! how agreeable and innocent is a country life!" exclaims an ancient writer. "How good and lovely is its leisure, and its repose is to be preferred to the most illustrious employments! Ocean! sea! shore! peaceable retreat! what noble and happy thoughts do you inspire!" Ecstasies such as those of Pliny in his domain of Ostia, Paleario felt at Cecignano, as is testified by his familiar letters. "God be praised!" wrote he to Pterigi, "that you are in good health, as well as your wife and children. For my part, I can no longer bear this climate—I am losing my health, and no remedy is of any use to me. To bodily illness is added almost continual sadness, whether it be that physical disease, influencing the mind, pre-disposes one to melancholy; whether it be that I cannot console myself for the loss of so many illustrious friends, who have been taken from me during the last few years, Bembo, Sadoletto, Flaminio, Sfondrati, the guardians of my early years, the generous patrons of my writings; or whether it be that I, at last, see the world as it is, that is to say, full of envious and wicked men, with whom we must sooner or later come into collision. Why cannot I take refuge with you? You cannot imagine to what a degree I am disgusted with everything, even with study. We might pass whole days, seated in the

sun on the terrace at Cecignano. Either in the morning or in the afternoon, we might wander at will round our rural villas with our dear children, Phedro and Lampidio, accompanied by our wives. I am sure that it is want of exercise which makes me ill. Here the rain falls in torrents, and it is impossible to set foot out of doors; there the sky is almost always clear. You say that the farmers look forward with pleasure to my visit. . . . Prepare, then, to receive me. See that you have ready at the farm, a saw, an axe, a wedge, a pickaxe, a spade, and a hoe, to keep me busy. But, in the meantime, considering the sad state of my health, it seems likely that we shall plant trees, the shade of which our descendants may enjoy.”*

It is from Cecignano that the following charming letter is dated, addressed to Andrea Marino, of Milan : —“ I had just arrived from the Riviera of Genoa, when I met your messenger, with the letter which brought me the agreeable tidings of the birth of your son. In my place, what would you have done? Loving me, as I love you, would you not have felt the most sincere pleasure? God is my witness, that I rejoice more in your happiness than my own. As, when a first baby is born, there is generally a great assembly of neighbours,

* “Interea dum non bellissime nos habemus, seramus arbores alteri seculo profuturas.”—*Opera*, p. 611.

each bringing an offering, I think that the friendship which unites us, requires me to offer you some present as a visible pledge of my affection. I have in my house some pretty statuettes representing the Muses. They are not strangers to studious men like us. Would you like them? Or do you prefer painting? I shall send you any pictures that you like to adorn your house, for I have had a mania for acquiring such things, like the Damasippus of Horace. If your ambition is limited to offering a banquet to your friends, I shall send you crayfish, and the best fish from our villas near the sea, provided always that you have no sumptuary law among you, for if you have one, we must not violate it too much. I shall send you, at least, many things which the law does not forbid, fruits, mushrooms, exquisite vegetables, odoriferous herbs, violets, and roses, as well as the flowers of the privet, as abundant among us, at this season, as it is rare in your gardens. . . . All that I have is at your disposal; you shall have the enjoyment of all which belongs to me.”*

These pages, gay or sad, but equally inspired by the love of nature, are a glimpse into the domestic life of Paleario. He had two sons, Lampridio and Phedro, whom he himself instructed in ancient literature. Two

* Letters in the Ambrosian library of Milan. Lazeri, *Miscellanea*, vol. ii., pp. 154, 155.

daughters, Aspasia and Sophonisba, completed the family circle, within which he found repose and happiness. An anxious father, Paleario loved his wife with a warmth of feeling, a tender and affectionate enthusiasm, unchanged by years. We may judge of this by an anecdote taken from a touching letter of Marco Casali, during a separation between the husband and wife. Marietta was seriously ill at Cecignano, whilst Paleario, himself suffering from illness, was at Lucca, anxiously expecting tidings of her. Some of his friends arrived with an encouraging message. Paleario could scarcely believe it, and, half delirious, amid sobs and tears, he composed the following verses, which were found under his pillow in the morning :—

“ But for my hope in Christ, whom thou hast served faithfully with me, I could not, beloved companion, survive thy loss. But he has promised to receive his children into the abode of eternal light. This hope consoles me and satisfies me as with a new love. The hour is near ! Await me, Marietta. I shall rejoin you in the celestial abode !

“ *Expecta campis uxor in Elysiis !*”*

The life of Marietta was spared, and Paleario was not called upon to suffer the affliction of a bereavement, which was reserved for the companion of his last days. It

* *Opera*, p. 606.

was perhaps as a testimony of gratitude for the unexpected recovery of her, whom he had mourned as dead, that he made a gift to the church of La Pieve, in Colle, of an annual sum, left in his will, on condition that every Sunday a portion of the Gospel, in the vulgar tongue, should be read there. If this condition should cease to be fulfilled, the legacy was to be paid over to the hospital of Santa Maria Novella of Florence.*

The time was not far distant when the scourges of war and famine were to be let loose on the peaceable districts which had so often afforded a shelter to Paleario. Siena bore with impatience the yoke of the Spaniards, which daily became more heavy. The governor, Giovanni di Luna, having built a fortress, and attempted to place a garrison in it, was chased from the city on the 7th of February, 1545. His successor, Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, made vain attempts to re-establish the imperial authority. It was silently undermined by a conspiracy which extended to Lucca, Arezzo, and Perugia, the object of which was the enfranchisement of Tuscany, with the assistance of France and of the banished Florentines, who were flying from the tyranny of Cosmo I. Twelve years before, Filippo Strozzi had given the signal of revolt against the Medici. Having been surprised at Montemurlo, and having fallen into

* Library of Siena, vol. A, B.X., p. 192.

the power of his enemies, he escaped punishment only by suicide. But before piercing himself with his own sword, he wrote his will and invoked an avenger. This was his son, Pietro Strozzi, and along with him the handful of French, who, commanded by Montluc, threw themselves into Siena, and long held in check the forces of Cosmo and of Charles V. (1554, 1555). During this memorable siege, those patriotic virtues were aroused, which had so highly exalted the glory of the republics of Italy. All classes of the population rivalled each other in their ardour for the defence of their common country. The heroism of the women extorts an expression of admiration from Montluc in his *Mémoires*: —“ It shall never be said, O Sienese ladies, that I refused to immortalize your name, as long as the book of Montluc shall exist, for indeed you are worthy of immortal praise. When this people first took the noble resolution to defend their liberty, all the ladies were divided into three bands. The first was led by the Signora Forteguerra, who was clothed in violet, as were all those who followed her. The second band consisted of the Signora Piccolomini, clothed in rose-coloured satin, with her troop in the same livery. The third was the Signora Livia Fausta, clothed all in white, as were her suite; she had a white standard, on which were beautiful devices; I would give much to be able to re-

member them. These three squadrons were composed of three thousand ladies, gentlewomen, or citizens. Their arms were pikes, shovels, hods, and fascines. . . . They had even made a song in honour of France, which they sung when they went to their fortifications. I would have given the best horse that I have for a copy of this song to insert here.”* This glorious resistance, which thus found a worthy historian, could not be prolonged indefinitely. Conquered at Luzignano, Strozzi could not relieve in time the heroic city, which sacrificed itself for the cause of Italian independence. It opened its gates to Marignano on the 21st April, 1555. Liberty found an asylum, and, as it were, a last altar at Montalcino. Siena, passing from the stormy existence of the republics of the middle ages, under the yoke of the Medici, fell, not without honour.

The events of these years were deeply felt by Paleario. He says, “Shall I forget Siena, if I can pronounce its name without grief; † this city, always hospitable to me, notwithstanding the war which has desolated its territory, and caused its inhabitants to perish with hunger?” The old Ghibelline city, struggling against an emperor, did not suffer alone from the evils produced by a war of

* *Mémoires*, vol. ii., p. 249.

† “Mitto Senas, si possunt Senæ sine dolore mitti!” . . .
—Letter to Vettori.—MS. of Bâle.

extermination. Every town, every fortified point between the Apennines and the sea, was contested with unparalleled fury by the French and the Spaniards. The Marquis de Marignano, the lieutenant of Charles V., committed everywhere the most terrible barbarities. There was no pity for the partisans of Strozzi; no pardon for the prisoners. They were immediately hanged. The land was left uncultivated; the country situated between the Arno and the Ombrone became a desert. This is the Maremma, covered, since that time, by marshes, the pestilential miasma from which causes death. The population of Siena had decreased from thirty to ten thousand inhabitants. Fifty thousand peasants had perished.* The domain of Cecignano, repeatedly pillaged, afforded no security to its master for several years.

Did Paleario not remember these days of desolation when, a few years afterwards, retracing the calamities of war upon another scene, he deplored the fate of a population visited by this scourge? "Ah! who knows not the sad realities of war, the crops burned, the olive trees cut down, the vines destroyed, large districts a prey to the flames, castles and villages crumbling under the shock of artillery, as if struck by a thunderbolt? Those know it, alas! who have themselves been present at the pillage of their houses, and the sack of their city;

* Sismondi, *Républiques Italiennes*, vol. x., pp. 189, 192.

who, seeing a wife and children torn from their arms, have pleaded for death without being able to obtain it. I veil in silence horrors which the pen refuses to trace ! . . . Where is the man so cruel, so great an enemy of the human race as not to rejoice in peace, the only remedy for so many evils ? ”*

The condition of Lucca, apparently more fortunate, yet concealed germs not less fatal for the future. The plot of one of its most illustrious citizens, Francesco Burlamachi, who aspired to deliver his country from all dependence either on the papacy or on the empire, had excited extreme distrust at Rome and at Madrid, and had, at the same time, rekindled the ambitious desires of the Medici, who, absolute lords of Florence, and masters of Pisa, aimed at extending their authority over all Tuscany. A peculiar reason marked out Lucca as an object for the severity of the Roman Pontiff. Notwithstanding the rigorous edicts of the Senate, the Reformation had not ceased both to maintain its ground, and to make progress there. The holy word of God, formerly explained under the roof of San Frediano by the voice of Peter Martyr, found an asylum at the hearth of the poor, as well as in the palaces of the noblest families. It was read and meditated on in secret and mysterious meetings, the members of which abstained from all par-

* *Oratio de Pace*, p. 221.

ticipation in the rites of the Romanist worship. The Inquisition was aroused, and, by various decrees—the last of which is dated the 24th September, 1549—ordered, under the most severe penalties, that all the citizens, without exception, should be compelled to be present at the ceremonies of the Romish church. This edict appeared insufficient, and the Holy Office, having become more suspicious, enjoined the Bishop of Lucca, Bartolomeo Guidicione, to act as commissioner of the Inquisition for the extirpation of heresy in his diocese. At these tidings the city was filled with consternation. A senator, related to several members of the Sacred College, named Jacopo Arnolfini, was despatched to Rome to try to allay the storm. His protestations and entreaties obtained a respite of some years for the Republic; but this came to an end on the accession of Caraffa, under the name of Paul IV. At the age of seventy-nine, this implacable old man seemed to hold to life only by the pride of power, heightened even to madness, and by a boundless hatred of heresy. His favourite motto was the saying of the psalmist, "*Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulabis*,"* which he applied alike to Protestants and Spaniards. The Venetian ambassador, Navagero, has depicted him in expressive words, which will never be forgotten. "Of a dry and bilious temperament, * "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder." Auth. Version.

and extremely solemn in all his actions, he seems born to make everything bend under his will. When he walks he appears scarcely to touch the ground. His body is all nerves. Youthful vigour sparkles in his eyes, and is seen in all his movements. . . . He is vehement and impetuous in all his actions, but this vehemence is indescribable in everything which concerns the Inquisition. His Holiness often neglects to attend on the days set apart for the consistory; but nothing can prevent him from being present at the meetings on Thursday, which are devoted to the deliberations of the Holy Office. I remember that when the news came that Anagni had been taken by the Spaniards, every one in Rome flew to arms: for all were afraid of losing their lives and their property. It was on a Thursday, the day of the Inquisition. The pope alone remained unmoved, arranging and speaking of the affairs of this Office, as if the enemy had not been at the very gates of Rome.”* This terrible pontiff, weak only to his nephews, found a worthy instrument in the Grand Inquisitor, Michele Ghislieri, afterwards Pius V. The Evangelical church of Lucca could not escape their notice. Seized by the agents of the Holy Office, plunged in dungeons, and subjected to torture, the re-

* Armand Baschet, *La Diplomatie vénitienne et les Princes de l'Europe au seizième siècle*, pp. 188, 189.

formed among the Lucchese were called upon to give proofs of their constancy under persecution. Many yielded, and purchased their lives at the price of a solemn recantation. These tidings, received in Rome with a cry of triumph, soon spread beyond the limits of Italy, and were regarded as a cause for mourning and humiliation by those exiled for conscience' sake. From his retreat in Strasbourg, Peter Martyr, always sympathizing in the afflictions of his countrymen, gave vent to his grief in an eloquent letter to the reformed in Lucca. "How can I refrain from lamentation when I think that a frightful tempest has desolated the once flourishing church of Lucca, without leaving, so to speak, even a vestige of its ruins? Those who knew you might perhaps fear that you would be too weak to resist the storm; but, for my part, I was far from expecting that you would so shamefully yield. You knew the fury of Antichrist, and the danger which threatened you when you refused to fly, and thus profit by what some call the resource of the weak; but which, for my part, I call a wise precaution in certain circumstances. Those who esteemed your courage, said:—'These noble soldiers of Christ will not fly, because they are resolved to secure the progress of the gospel in their country, even at the price of their own blood, and because they do not wish to fall behind the glorious examples daily given them by their

brethren in France, in the Netherlands, and in England.' Ah! how cruelly these high hopes have been deceived. What a cause for pride and joy to our oppressors! It is rather by tears than by words that we must deplore this lamentable catastrophe."* Too weak to face martyrdom with courage, the Lucchese Protestants were nevertheless capable of making some sacrifices for the faith which was so dear to them. They calmly contemplated the thought of emigration, and silently prepared for it. They bade adieu to their beautiful country, their clear sky, their delicious climate, and their smiling homes, which they were now to exchange for the miseries of exile. The first departures took place in 1555. Vincenzo Mei, Filippo Rustici, Paolo Arnolfini, set the example, which was afterwards followed at different times by the Micheli, the Diodati, the Burlamachi, the Calandrini, and many more whose names are inscribed in the golden book of the Refuge. Geneva received them, and she possessed no better citizens than these voluntary exiles, whose spirit and whose names are perpetuated to our days in some of the noblest families of the republic."†

Paleario was not a witness of these events, but he foresaw them, and all the afflictions of the evangelical

* *Petri Martyris Opera*, pp. 171, 172.

† Charles Eynard, *Lucques et les Burlamachi*, pp. 183, 185.

congregation of Lucca were felt by him as his own. His letters to the Italian refugee, Celio Secondo Curione, are unfortunately lost. These letters alone could have informed us of the part he took, and the attitude he maintained, during the days which preceded the dissolution of a church to which he was united by so many ties, and which had doubtless been more than once secretly instructed and edified by his voice. His faith had become suspected; as professor he was not less the object of distrust to the partisans of the old scholastic traditions; the spirit of routine, united to envy, inflicted on him many attacks, to which he showed himself too sensitive. As early as the year 1550, a second professor of Latin eloquence, Antonio Bandinelli, had been called to Lucca, at the request of the adversaries of Paleario, who accused him of rash innovations, and the academy had thus been divided, as it were, into two camps.* Paleario thought it necessary to defend, before the council of the Anziani, the method of teaching which he had adopted. In his opinion, the study of eloquence could not be separated from philosophy and law, and he thought that the united efforts of criticism, imagination,

* Lucchesini, *Storia di Lucca*, vol. ix., pp. 41, 42. Notwithstanding the testimony of Castelvetro, Tiraboschi has been mistaken as to the date of the arrival of Bandinelli, and as to the reasons for the voluntary retirement of Paleario, five years afterwards.—vol. vii., p. 1454.

and taste, were all required in order to comment worthily on Cicero and Demosthenes. Notwithstanding his enthusiasm for the monuments of sacred antiquity, he yet did homage to the noble influence exercised by the Greek philosophers; thus following the example of the first apologists of the church, who regarded ancient culture as a preparation for the Christian faith. "As young trees which have sprung up in barren ground, and have been transplanted to a fertile soil, bear the finest fruits, so letters have prospered under the sky of Greece, and grown under the influence of a rich, elegant, and harmonious language. The different branches of science, bound up together, have been fused, so to speak, into a philosophy friendly to truth, embracing both the human and the divine, giving a rule of life, and containing the secret of happiness on earth, and immortality in heaven. Greece is resplendent with the glory of systems and sages, as the firmament with stars."* Victorious in arms, Rome borrowed civilization from the conquered, and transmitted to the world the precious heritage, of which each nation and each city ought to claim its part. It is the duty of men, charged with the education of youth, not to permit these noble traditions to perish, but to maintain the worship of the good and of the beautiful, which

* "Illustrata est Græcia disciplinis et ornata sapientibus, veluti sideribus cælum."—*Opera*, p. 154.

eloquence must constantly revive. Then returning to himself and his calumniated teaching, he recalled to mind, not without pride, the services which he had rendered to the University at Lucca. "I have endeavoured to break within your walls the chains of scholastic barbarism, and to dispel the ignorance in which your youth have so long been held captive. I have discoursed whole days in the house, in the academy, in the tribune. Would that it might have been in the senate.* I hoped, O senators, to obtain your favour in return. It is, therefore, not without surprise that I have seen myself exposed to the whisperings or to the open attacks of envy. When I least expected it—when even I did not solicit a prolongation of my appointment, so secure did it seem—some of my friends, who had alike at heart the interests of jurisprudence and the art of oratory, requested the renewal of my commission and were met only by a refusal! . . . Is this, I ask, the reward of my vigils, the recompense of my labours, in a city to which I hoped to do honour by my lessons and by my writings?" The language of Paleario did not offend the magistrates to whom it was addressed, and his complaint seemed just. Moved by a feeling of justice, and anxious to retain the services of a man whose talents shed lustre

* "Declamavi totos dies domi, in ludo, ante curiam, utinam licuisset in senatu!"—*Opera*, p. 159.

on the academy, they pressed him to continue his lessons. He yielded to their entreaties, and returned to his office till the end of the year 1554. Important events were then about to be accomplished. Paleario could not see them approach without grief. While receiving in the intimacy of private friendship the confidences of so many distinguished citizens, his pupils, or his friends, who had resolved to quit their country, he must have felt the ties unloosed, which bound him to the republic of Lucca. Amid the dark prospects which presented themselves on all sides to the followers of the gospel, did the thought of emigration present itself to his mind? Perhaps he may have thought of it for a moment, but he shrank from the idea. He was one of those deeply sensitive, but strong-minded men, who would rather sacrifice their lives than their country. For the glory of his name we ought not to regret this. If he had followed the example set before him by so many other children of the Peninsula, the Italian reformation would have numbered one more tomb in a foreign country, one martyr less on its own soil—and the blood of a martyr is never lost.

However this may be, the resolution to quit Lucca seems to have been taken by Paleario before the darkest days in the history of the republic. The conclusion of a discourse on Felicity (*De Felicitate*), the last which he

delivered before the Senate, contains the following passage, which is both a disclosure of his intention, and a farewell :—"To know God and to serve him is the chief end of man's life. . . . There is no food more necessary to the soul than meditation on heavenly things. So great, O senators, is the ardour of the desire which impels me to consecrate myself wholly to this, that I beseech you, in presence of the people, at this favourable moment for asking and obtaining a favour, to permit me to lay down, in the maturity of my age, the burden of teaching, which will be more easily borne by those who are in the full vigour of youth and of talent. Thus may I best respond, not to the call of man, but to that of God ; who is the inspirer of every good thought, and who makes us to will and to do according to his good pleasure. But thou, O God, hast made gratitude a duty, and how shall I worthily show it to those who have sustained and entertained me so lovingly for so many years ? To thee, All-powerful and All-good, I desire to recommend them. Oh protect and preserve this republic, in which letters have always been held in honour, and which has never done wrong to any one. Bless this hospitable and benevolent city, which desires not to rule by terror, and which bestows only benefits upon its neighbours. King of heaven and earth, bless this people ; bestow upon them largely thy best gifts !"

These sentiments were engraven in the heart of Paleario, when he quitted Tuscany to go to Milan, in the month of October, 1555. The celebrated Majoraggio, Professor of Belles Lettres in the university of this city, having died on the 4th of the preceding April, the Milanese magistrates, anxious to maintain the renown of their schools, believed that they could not give him a more worthy successor than Paleario. He did not hesitate to respond to their call.

CHAPTER VI.

PALEARIO, PROFESSOR AT MILAN.

THE Jesuit Lazeri, comparing the life of Paleario to a tragedy, divides it into five acts, corresponding to the places where he had lived. His youth was passed in Rome, amid the enchantments of the age of Leo X., interrupted by the catastrophe of the sack of the city by Bourbon. Siena presents us with the picture of his manhood, struggling with the first difficulties of life. Lucca is a resting-place, full of melancholy, between his riper age and his declining years. Lastly, Milan discloses to us the secret of his last thoughts, of his highest aspirations, crowned by the sacrifice, the scene of which brings us back to the point from which we set out. Paleario's return to Rome, as a prisoner of the Inquisition, reminds us of the confessors of the primitive church, who came from Antioch or from Ephesus, guarded by a centurion, to die in the gardens of Cæsar or on the arena of the Colosseum—a melancholy similarity of fate, which offers to history the only apology worthy of those

who, whether in pagan or in Papal Rome, alike sealed their faith with their blood !

It would be anticipating the future too much to speak of the last days of Paleario, amid the testimonies of public esteem and favour which were lavished on him at Milan. He relates them in a letter to his sons, whom he had been obliged to leave with their mother in Tuscany, and from whom he was separated for a year. The remembrances of the scholar, and the touching anxieties of the husband and father, deeply concerned for his children's future, and addressing to them the wisest counsels, give a peculiar interest to these pages of domestic correspondence, which are naturally interwoven in the narrative :—"I reached Milan on the 17th of October. The city appeared to me so pleasant, that if I had not been separated from those most dear to me, I should love this country and should forget Tuscany. But there is no place which can please me, no city which does not seem to me a desert, while I am far from you. Crassi has received me very kindly, and I am still living in his palace. By his advice I have visited, one after another, all the members of the senate, distinguished personages, who have welcomed me very graciously, and who have returned my visits. On the 4th of the Kalends of November (29th October), I delivered a discourse at Santa Maria di Scala, in the presence of the senate, of the go-

vernor, and of all the assembled magistrates, along with the professors of the faculty of law and letters. The crowd was so great, not only in the church, but in the neighbouring streets, that it was scarcely possible to move. The next day I was installed in the gymnasium, in which, if I may believe one of the nobles of Milan, Saint Augustine once filled the same office as I do, but with this difference, however, that he had only to explain the Latin authors, while I must explain the Greek authors also. I give you all these details that you may transmit them to our friends, whose anxiety I know; and also to encourage you to virtue and the love of literature, the only patrimony that it is in my power to leave to you. Our fortune is little enough, and our domain, if it merit the name, is rather pleasant than profitable, especially at a time when the war, which desolates the territory of Siena, deprives us of the most direct source of our revenues, that from our flocks. The taxes of the city have been already doubled. Every day brings new imposts which exhaust our resources. This must make you sufficiently aware, my dear children, of our position. Your sisters are growing up, they may soon marry, it will be necessary to give them a dowry, and there will not be a farthing left in the house. The corn harvest may fail, and we have no resource but in extreme economy. I shall do all I can to reduce my expenses, and

to save, not without difficulty, a part of my small salary, for the war with France makes everything dear here. May God grant that I find at Lucca sons-in-law such as I could wish for my daughters; honest merchants who might help us, for otherwise we might come to want even necessaries. The liberality of the Lucchese is almost princely. It is thy part, my dear Lampridio, as my eldest son, to cultivate their kind dispositions towards us, that these may not be cooled by absence. It has been truly said, that friendship is like the flowers, which are revived by the dew. It is respect and little attentions which keep it up. Console, if need be, thy beloved mother. She does not want courage, but she is a woman. Watch over thy sisters. Take care that Phedro, my beloved son, is not carried away by bad company, so dangerous at his age. Do thou, thyself, resist the counsels which might lead thee astray. I doubly regret our separation, which leaves you without support at such a tender age. Thou, Lampridio, mayest be the stay of the family, and I shall then have the happiness to obtain in my lifetime a privilege which is not always granted to the dead. I much approve your mother's plans respecting our tenants. Do nothing without her. Revere her authority, as that of one whom I love more than my own life. The accounts of your studies have given me great pleasure. I desire, my dear

Lampridio, that thou shouldest become more learned in Greek literature, since it is thy intention to devote thyself to philosophy. As to thee, Phedro, thou must apply thyself especially to the Latin language, since thy preference is for the law. May men acknowledge in you not only good sons, but also pupils who do honour to their master.”*

These domestic anxieties were an additional spur to the activity of Paleario as professor. His speech, delivered at his installation, satisfied the general expectation, and appeared worthy of the university, which had numbered among its masters the celebrated Alciati, and which rivalled in lustre that of Pavia. This emulation was profitable to both. “The university of Pavia, one of the most renowned in Europe, is near your city. Its professors sometimes ask from you the hospitality which they offer you in their turn. What the summer vacations cut off from their studies in Pavia, they give you in learned conversations, and in academic controversies, full of interest and of life. Hence it comes, that, accustomed, as it were, to speak and to discourse elegantly, even from the cradle, the young Milanese have a horror of barbarism. Taught in the school of true philosophy, they cannot content themselves with vain discourses—rather a

* “Non modo filios mihi jucundissimos obligisse, sed alumnos etiam disciplinæ meæ.”—*Opera*, p. 614.

perilous responsibility for a master, if the indulgence of his pupils does not equal their love of learning." *

At the schools at Milan, the young patricians were educated, who, in the provinces of the Peninsula, subject to Spain, represented the authority of Philip II., but with a more flexible spirit. The knowledge of law was not less necessary to them than that of letters, and Paleario was equally capable of directing them in this twofold study. From the cities of Spain, as well as from those of the Netherlands and Italy, students flocked to his lessons. Matteo Toscano, one of his most distinguished pupils, remembers with pleasure the day when, for the first time, he heard Paleario discoursing on antiquity, as if he had been a contemporary of Augustus and of Pericles. "If I have acquired," says he, "any knowledge of Greek and Latin literature, it is to him that I owe it. He has composed verses worthy of the poet of Mantua."† In a letter to Francesco Bolognetti, Lollio di Ferrara, deploring the death of Corradio, the oracle of the university of Bologna, declares that Paleario alone is capable of supplying his place. "It has been given," remarks he, "to few men of our time to excel as he does in eloquence and poetry."‡

* Oratio XIII., *Opera*, p. 200.

† *Peplus Italiae*, quoted in the MS. Bandini of Florence.

‡ Bartolomei Riccii *Epistolæ*, book i., p. 77.

The nobles of Milan could not but acknowledge the services of a man whose teaching shed so much lustre on their university. Anxious to retain him amongst them, they awarded him the right of citizenship, as well as several municipal privileges, and they augmented his salary, in order that he and his family might live in better style. "Your liberality," wrote Paleario to them, "is beyond measure. Your favours follow each other so rapidly that one might say that, not contented with loading me with benefits, you wish completely to overwhelm me. Thus, notwithstanding my desire to show you my gratitude, I am obliged to confess my inability to do so, and to own myself really overcome." *

The letters preserved in the Ambrosian library, and published by Lazeri, shed unexpected light on the sojourn of Paleario in Milan. We there see, by a petition presented to the Senate, about the year 1560, that he inhabited a house near S. Benedetto, the rent of which was thirty-six crowns yearly. He made some important repairs in it, to make it a more agreeable residence for his family. Behind the house there was a piece of ground, covered with thorns and rubbish. He caused it to be carefully cleared, and there laid out a garden, to which an entrance was made from a gallery.

* Lazeri, *Miscellanea*, vol. ii., p. 162.

A walk, with a southern exposure, afforded him a daily promenade, in which he was often joined by some of his pupils, attracted by the charm of his conversation.* Flowers delighted his eyes, and vines, entwining their branches round the fruit trees, planted at little distances along the walk, reminded him of the domain of Cesignano, which after that time he seldom revisited. Nothing appeared wanting to his happiness when, at length, his wife and children rejoined him, after a long separation.

But the time when Paleario lived was not one which promised repose. If there are, even at such periods, some minds easily made happy, there are others who nobly bear the burden of the sorrows of their time, and refuse to be comforted. Less fortunate than those of his friends who had quitted Italy, and obtained, as the reward of this sacrifice, religious freedom on a foreign soil, Paleario was obliged to crush back into his heart the expression of the feelings dearest to him, and he was compelled to stand by, as a silent witness of the trials of those whose faith he shared, and to waste himself in the expectation, continually disappointed, of a council, which should put an end to the evils of Christendom. During these melancholy years of bond-

* "Et aliquando cum juvenibus ad se venientibus disserendo in hortis spatari."—Lazeri, *Miscellanea*, vol. ii., p. 175.

age and of silence, his only consolation was the study of the Bible, and the works of the learned writers who had commented on it with the greatest wisdom and piety. His residence at Milan was peculiarly favourable to his meditations. The old cathedral of St. Ambrose recalled to him the first ages of the Christian church; and, wandering under its vaulted roof, he fancied himself the contemporary of the great bishop who had victoriously pleaded the cause of Christianity against Symmachus, and had given to the falling empire an example of every virtue. He found there also traces of the most wonderful man of the Latin church, "he who carried most imagination into theology—eloquence and even sensibility into scholastic learning." Augustine came from Africa to Italy, and became professor at Milan, as he had formerly been at Tagaste and at Carthage. Touched even then by the exhortations of Ambrose, Augustine passed from the panegyric of a Consul to those sublime speculations which opened a new world to his ardent genius and to his soul, tormented by a twofold longing for faith and love. From his enthusiastic admiration of Augustine, Paleario must have read more than once the incomparable page of the *Confessions*, in which the son of Monica has described the decisive event of his life. What a scene was that, of which only Alypius was witness, the agony of

repentance, the mysterious conflict of a soul which wrestles with God, as Jacob with the Angel, and is victorious!

“I cast myself on the ground under a fig-tree, I know not why, and gave free course to my tears. They gushed in great floods from my eyes, as the offering of a broken spirit, pleasing in thy sight, O my God, and I addressed to thee a thousand petitions, not with these words, but with this meaning: ‘O Lord! how long wilt thou be angry with me? Remember not my old iniquities! for I felt that they had still hold upon me.’ I let these words escape me (worthy of pity): ‘When? what day? to-morrow? the day after to-morrow? why not now? Why is not this very hour the end of my shame?’ I said these things to myself, and I wept bitterly in the contrition of my heart. Then I heard issuing from a house a voice like that of a child and of a young girl, who sung and repeated these words as a chorus: ‘Take, read! take, read!’”

This voice, which was like a revelation to Augustine, and led him to the haven of safety after the storms of his youth, Paleario had heard, while still young, in the depths of his own heart, and he had searched the Holy Scriptures to find the rule of his faith, and the ideal of the church which was to carry the message of Christ to

all the nations of the earth. But how far removed was this ideal from the reality which presented itself before his eyes! The church, unfaithful to her mission, had fallen into the errors of the time, and had lost sight of her Divine Founder, and discord, schisms, and apostacies had been the punishment of her infidelity. Paleario believed that the remedy for these evils was to be found in the union of the Christian princes, and the meeting of an assembly which should comprise the most religious men in Europe. The united efforts of all would be required to abolish abuses, to restore sound doctrine, and reconstitute the "unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

This wish of Paleario and of his most illustrious friends was disappointed in 1541, at the conferences of Ratisbon, and did not encounter fewer obstacles fifteen years later. The political state of Europe had undergone, it is true, some important changes. The rivalry between France and Austria, which had disturbed the first half of the century, seemed nearly at an end. The great actors who had so long occupied the stage, Henry VIII., Francis I., and Solyman, had in turn disappeared. Charles V. had retired to Saint Juste, and nothing was left of his dream of universal monarchy, but the disenchantment of a mind which had survived its fortunes. Philip II. was essaying to reign, and

none yet knew the evils that were to be inflicted on his contemporaries by this grandson of Philip the Beautiful and Joanna the Mad. The imperial throne had fallen to a prince, beloved by his subjects, who, in his hereditary states, showed a spirit of toleration superior to his time. The elevation of Ferdinand everywhere excited the brightest hopes, and Paleario made himself the interpreter of them. "I cannot express," wrote he to this prince, "the feelings of confidence and joy which your accession has excited in the hearts of good men. The hope of seeing you emperor before my death, has been my only consolation, and now I shall die happy.* But listen, I beseech you, to what the Lord Jesus Christ himself says to you by my mouth. All your efforts ought to tend to restore the Christian republic, rent by sects, weakened by the quarrels of princes, and dishonoured by the vices of those who ought to have set before it very different examples. Set yourself courageously to the work. At a signal from you, the most pious and learned men will hasten to aid you with their counsels, and to assist you in this noble enterprise." But peace was necessary to the accomplishment of so great a design, and the truce of Vaucelle was only a short armistice between France

* "Nunquam profecto moriar quin beatius moriar."—Lazari, vol. ii., p. 163.

and Spain. Henry II. continued the policy of Francis I. The Duke of Guise, crossing the Alps at the summons of Paul IV., gave the signal for the *Holy War* in Italy. The voice of Paleario was lost amid the tumult of arms. The peace of Câteau-Cambrésis (April, 1559) revived his hopes. A solemn interview between the Catholic sovereigns was announced, of which Milan was to be the scene. Paleario composed for this occasion an harangue, in which he extolled the benefits of peace restored to Europe, and the religious revival which might spring from it :—"The Christian republic is passing through a difficult crisis. It is for your wisdom, O princes, to remedy this. A great cry has arisen from the heart of Germany, denouncing the decay of the faith, and all hearts have been stirred. It is the privilege of every man, but above all of every disciple of Jesus Christ, to enjoy freedom of conscience in divine things, which cannot be violated with impunity. . . Theologians have been summoned on all sides; and their various interpretations, made popular by eloquence, have given birth to such a diversity of sects, that there is not a city, a town, a castle, or even a rural cottage, which is not agitated by discordant opinions. Germany and Switzerland are divided into two camps; Hungary, Bohemia, and Austria are quaking; England is inclining towards the schism; France is feeling the first commotions

caused by the religious innovators; Spain persecutes them without mercy; Italy banishes them from her territory. There are everywhere tumults, revolts, punishments; and amid the schisms, which are the consequence, the bond of charity is unloosed and broken. What can be more opportune, in such circumstances, than the union of the princes! In order to restore peace to the world, it is necessary to convoke regular assemblies, where the deputies both of princes and people may be heard, and where every one may be allowed to present himself, and give his opinion, without fear of harm. . . . The sovereign Pontiff, in his wisdom, will not oppose the meeting of a council, where the representatives of all Christendom may confer together, discuss the points in dispute, and fix the bases of agreement between the different members of the Christian republic. If this day ever dawn on us, you will see the noble spectacle, which I already contemplate with the eye of faith; concord producing its divine fruit, and the nations renouncing their secular quarrels, to rally round the standard of Christ, ever feared by infidels.”* This harangue, in which the ideas of reformation were ably mingled with projects for a crusade, was never delivered. The intended interview at Milan did not take place. A secret article of the treaty of Câteau-Cambrésis stipu-

* *Oratio de Pace.—Opera*, pp. 222, 223.

lated, indeed, that a council should be convoked to allay the religious troubles of Europe. But the monarchs who had signed the treaty were less anxious to regulate the spirit of innovation than to repress it in their respective states. Scarcely had Philip II. returned to Spain when he inaugurated his *auto da fé*. The arrest of Anne Dubourg, in open parliament, preceded only by a few days the tragical end of Henry II. Pope Paul IV., with one foot in the tomb, protested his disdain for the work begun at Trent, and rejected every plan of reformation which did not emanate from himself alone. "What need have I of a council," exclaimed he, "since I am above all? Is it not ludicrous to send a few poor bishops to deliberate among the mountains, assisted by doctors as ignorant as themselves. Do they imagine that these people are fitter to reform the world than the vicar of Christ, assisted by his cardinals, the elect and the pillars of Christendom?" By expressing himself with this surly frankness, Paul IV. betrayed the true sentiments of the Papacy with regard to a council, even when restricted to the Catholic episcopate; and he justified the bitter language of Calvin:—"I see no reason why the popes should fear councils so much, except that trembling inseparably accompanies an evil conscience. They have shrunk from such a remedy, neither more nor less, than as a sick man, having his

body covered with sores, fears every touch of the doctor, however tender and gentle he may be.*

The successor of Paul, Giovanni de' Medici, who became Pope, under the name of Pius IV., seemed more disposed to yield to the desires of Christendom. His character was benevolent, his countenance serene, and his manners easy. He said he hoped, with the help of God, to accomplish some good. But he sadly added, "We are alone for such a great burden!" He was eagerly pressed by the princes to keep the solemn promise that he had made in conclave. France, adding menaces to entreaties, spoke of assembling a Gallican council—that terror of the Papacy. The emperor went still further, and the grandson of Isabella the Catholic demanded no less than the reformation of the abuses of the Roman court, the purgation of the clergy, a more edifying service, and the instruction of the people by preaching and by schools. He required that letters of convocation should be addressed to the Protestant nations. Although the schism appeared definitively accomplished in one-half of Germany, in Switzerland, and in England, yet Calvin did not reject the idea of a free and universal council, which should be like the States-General of Christendom. "Let them grant us,"

* *Commentaire des Epîtres Canoniques*.—Letter to the King of England, 28th January, 1551.

said he, "a council in which we may be permitted to maintain the cause of true religion, and to speak freely; and if we refuse to attend it, they may condemn us as rebels and obstinate. But it is necessary that we should have a right to speak well and freely, and we must have no fear, lest our just and reasonable defences should not be received. For if they cannot bear any admonitions and remonstrances, however gentle and quiet they may be, scarcely above a whisper, how shall their ears endure the resounding thunders of truth?"* The subterfuges of the Pope, disputing about granting a safe-conduct to the Protestant deputies, made them sufficiently aware of the reception prepared for them. By declaring that the council re-assembled at Trent was only the continuation of that which had twice already condemned the new doctrines, Pius IV. excluded dissenters from it. But, in 1560, the situation of the latter was no longer the same as it had been at the opening of the council fifteen years previously. From the attitude of suppliants they had passed to that of equals. Victorious in one-half of Europe, the Reformation could treat with Romanism on equal terms. It did not now become the Reformers to appear as accused before an Italian council, to be there condemned unheard.

The council, so often announced, was at length re-

* Letter already quoted.

opened at Trent, on the 18th of January, 1562, the Cardinal of Mantua being president. We have not to relate its history. It would require the penetrating genius of a Sarpi to develop, amid the discussion of doctrines continually interrupted, the tortuous policy of the popes, the intrigues of the legates, the servility of the bishops—for the most part Italians—contrasted with the haughty orthodoxy of the Spanish prelates. United against the Papacy, the princes might have obtained important reforms ; but divided, they were conquered in advance. Some reforms in discipline, thrown as a sop to public opinion, masked their defeat. The exhaustion of both parties produced an agreement more apparent than real. Communion in both kinds was rejected, celibacy was maintained, the hierarchy, subjected to more severe rules, and entirely withdrawn from lay-jurisdiction, was concentrated under the authority of the head of the Romish church. Like the dictatorships, improvised in a day of peril, the Papacy came forth stronger from the discussions intended to limit its power. The doctrine of infallibility, audaciously drawn up by Lainez, inaugurated for the episcopate an era of submission which the fathers of Constance and of Bâle would not have accepted. The assembly which consecrated this derogation from primitive right has been more severely judged by one of its own members than

it could be by us :—"What good could come from a council in which opinions were numbered and not weighed? To each one of ours, the Pope opposed hundreds of his; and if hundreds were not sufficient, could he not create thousands? You should have seen these hungry prelates arriving every day at Trent. The greater part of them were enervated youths, ruined with dissipation, enrolled to vote at a signal from the legate, stupid and ignorant, but whose very audacity and impudence might do good service. What had the Holy Spirit to do with a council like this? You should have seen the couriers starting for Rome day and night, to report to the Pope all that was passing. It was from Rome that they now expected oracles, as formerly from Dodona and Delphos. The legates notified the will of the Holy Father, and the Italian Bishops, who received wages from his treasury—some of them bishops in the air, without either residence or diocese—faithfully voted according to orders; for to deviate from these would have been a capital crime." * Yet this universal agreement was more than once disturbed, and it required wonderful skill on the part of the Cardinal of Mantua to avoid the scandal of a rupture. Divided on most questions, the fathers of Trent showed

* Letter of the Bishop of Tina, cited by M. Rossieuw Saint Hilaire.—*Histoire d'Espagne*, vol. viii. pp. 488, 489.

themselves unanimous only in the solemn anathema pronounced against heresy.

This was not the council so long dreamed of by Paleario, which was to reinstate the gospel in honour, and to restore peace to the church. "God is my witness, that I have often desired the convocation of a holy assembly, composed of the learned and pious men of all Europe, deliberating under the protection of the princes. I should wish nothing so much as to appear before an august meeting like this, to bear a faithful testimony, and to lay down my life, if necessary, for the cause of Christ. Seeing years pass away, and the princes occupied with other cares, and being warned besides, by certain signs, that my departure is near, I have written a testimony, and, consequently, an accusation against the Roman pontiffs and their adherents,* that if death, which I await without terror, should surprise me, I might still be useful to my brethren, whose evils cannot be remedied but by a council worthy of the name. This work, written with as much candour as purity, I have placed in the hands of venerable person-

* *Actio in Pontifices Romanos et eorum assecclas, etc.*—*Opera*, pp. 227 to 438. This work, the most important written by Paleario, was composed previous to his residence in Milan, but was published for the first time in Leipsic, in the year 1606, thirty-six years after the death of its author. It has been recently translated into Italian by M. de Sanctis (Turin, 1861).

ages, that it may be preserved till the free holy œcumenical assembly, which will come in its time. To hasten, if it be possible, this happy day, I address my most fervent prayer to the Almighty God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." . . . It is in solemn language that Paleario speaks, in another place, of the manuscript in question, and of the feeling which dictated it:—"It is neither hatred nor envy, nor a desire of vainglory, but the love of the truth alone, which has made me resolve to speak. . . . If any one despise my testimony, I appeal to Christ himself, the King of nations, the Prince of all ages. O man, whoever thou mayest be, thou wilt soon appear before his tribunal, and must give account to him for thy contempt of one who adjures thee to aid him, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, the sovereign Judge of the quick and of the dead!"*

The title of Paleario's work reveals its spirit. It is a last testimony, and a long repressed cry of accusation against Rome. The author is not now contented with explaining the doctrine of justification through Christ, as he had learned it in the apostolic writings, while abstaining from all controversy concerning the doctrines and institutions of the Romish church. The *Actio* is a vigorous, vehement treatise, or theological argu-

* *Testimonium*, xx. pp. 245, 246.

ment, clothed in oratorical language, and singularly contrasts with the gentle language and touching effusions of the *Beneficio*. It is because the author has ceased to hope for any arrangement in the great conflict of the age—in the struggle between Romanism and the Reformation. He has taken part with the Reformed church, and irrevocably broken off from the church of Rome. He opposes Holy Scripture to tradition, the evangelical ministry to the episcopate, apostolic liberty to Romish tyranny. He attacks, without reserve, vows, celibacy, the mass, purgatory, and the vain ceremonies, which are like so many veils, hiding the merits of Christ. His arguments on these subjects do not differ from those of the other reformers. But his boldest blows are directed against the Papacy, to which he imputes both the evils of the church and those of Italy. The Pope is, in his eyes, the usurper predicted by the apostle, “the man of sin,” “the son of perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God.”*

It is not only in a religious point of view, as to its pretensions to spiritual supremacy and doctrinal infallibility, that Paleario raises his voice against the Papacy. He condemns also the temporal power of the Pontifi-

* 2 Thessalonians, ii. 3, 4.

cate, a sad legacy of politics to religion, a fatal mingling of sacred and profane things, which has at all times been a scandal to pious minds. The asperity of his language can only be accounted for by the depth of the evil which he points out. "I shall say it before the princes or their ambassadors who may listen to me, and before the God of heaven and earth. The apostles have been distinguished, not only by the purity of their lives, but by their self-denial and their poverty. Our Lord Jesus Christ chose a life of poverty. 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.' Can you, O pontiffs, use the same language? You say, it is true, that you possess nothing of your own, and that your domains, your states, belong not to you, but to Christ. I do not know, but I learn from history, that your nephews, your natural sons, and even women of the worst character, have too often reigned over these heritages of Christ; and that, unfortunately for us, avarice and cupidity have been more than once united to unlimited power on the chair of St. Peter. Most of the evils which have afflicted Italy, and have been thence diffused throughout the Christian republic, have been the work of the Roman pontiffs. These evils would have been spared us, if the fatal imprudence of unenlightened princes had not permitted the

bishops to exchange their primitive poverty for earthly treasures. The church would have been purer and more honoured. Italy would have been less unfortunate.* . . . From the day when they became kings the pontiffs have known only the cares of power. The fear of losing it, the desire of preserving and augmenting it at all hazards, have been their only occupation. We have seen them plunge more and more into those secular interests, to which the Apostle declares that every servant of God should remain a stranger. The princes who imagined that by endowing the Papacy with riches they were serving the cause of religion, have given it the most fatal blow.”†

The century in which Paleario lived furnished only too many examples of the truth of this assertion: “Without going back to distant ages, have we not seen in our own day an Alexander VI. pouring out poison like water; a Julius II. not less lavish of blood in his impious wars than of wine in the orgies of his episcopate? Ah! what shall I say of the devastations, of the pillages, of the burnings let loose at their command on our unhappy country! I take to witness Ascanio

* “*Quidquid mali habuit Italia, id omne a pontificibus Romanis conflatum est,*” etc.—*Testimonium*, xvi. p. 399.

† *Ibid.*, xx. p. 433.

Colonna, and the Duke of Urbino, who have only too many reasons for accusing Pope Paul III. I leave to others the task of enumerating all his deeds. Is it not true that benignity and mercy are virtues unknown to the pontiffs of Rome? Not contented with persecuting the living, we have seen them pursue the dead even into the tomb. Stephen VI. exhumed the body of Formosa, clothed it with pontifical ornaments, and cast it out unburied, after having cut off two fingers of the right hand. Sergius followed this example, and having caused the already mutilated body of Formosa to be beheaded, threw it into the Tiber. Who could enumerate the corpses disinterred, the ashes cast to the winds, by the orders of the pontiffs? Ah! the apostle was right, when, casting a prophetic glance into the future, he accused them of having neither pity nor mercy, of 'having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.' " *

Passing from the Papacy to the Episcopate, Paleario showed the concert, early established between these two powers, to free themselves from all control, and to oppress the consciences of others. "Not content with the privileges that they originally arrogated to them-

* "Recte ergo Apostolus hos prævidens appellavit immites et sine benignitate, habentes quidem speciem pietatis, virtutem autem ejus abnegantes."—*Testimonium*, xviii. pp. 425, 426.

selves, the pontiffs have done violence to the Holy Scriptures, in order to organize a tyranny which weighs upon all Christendom. All the effect of their astute policy has tended for centuries to augment the episcopal power, and to extend the immunities of the clergy, in order to make themselves the arbiters of the Christian republic, and lords over princes and nations. And this pretension appears, not only in their bulls, but even in the prayers which they address to him whom they call the prince of the apostles. . . . 'In order that all may know that if Peter has the right to bind and to unloose in heaven, his successor has the right of disposing on the earth of kingdoms and of principalities, and may give or take away crowns as it pleases him.' What can be more monstrous than such a pretension? . . . Faithful to this thought, the Roman pontiffs have pursued but a single aim to free the bishops from all civil jurisdiction. To listen to them the bishops are subject only to the judgment of God, whilst men are subject to the judgment of the bishops, as if both alike had not one great Judge, who will come to judge the quick and the dead, before whom they must both appear."* To restrain the episcopal power by popular election; to give to believers a just share in the administration of ecclesiastical property, and to restore free course to the Holy Scriptures;

* *Testimonium*, xvi. p. 372.

such are the most urgent measures which policy counsels and which religion demands.

Passing from these criticisms of detail to take a general view of the evils of the church, Paleario concluded by an urgent appeal, addressed to the princes, in favour of the ideas of reformation, for which he was ready to lay down his life. "Most illustrious emperor, high and mighty kings, princes, and lords, it is time to show, not only to your contemporaries but to posterity, with what sentiments you are animated towards Jesus Christ. You see his gospel disfigured, the benefit of his death veiled from the souls* of men, consciences oppressed, believers bending under the burden of the ceremonies and the commandments of men which are imposed upon them. Will you remain silent? Will you continue inactive? The liberty of Christ is not acknowledged, the apostolic institutions are trodden under foot, the Holy Word is proscribed, the majesty of the cross is annihilated; everywhere we see displayed the most crying abuses, a frightful confusion of the human with the divine. Ah! what man can be so much the enemy of Christ as to endure such a spectacle,

* This remarkable expression (*Beneficium sanguinis Christi*) was constantly repeated by Paleario's pen (*Actio*, pp. 257, 260, 364, 427, etc.), an additional proof, besides so many others, that he was the author of the *Beneficio*.

and make a compact with the wicked? For my part, I have not hesitated to incur many perils for the glory of the Redeemer and the salvation of my brethren, whose cause I plead before you. I am ready to die, if need be, to bear testimony to the truth. Approach, lictor, tie my hands, bandage my eyes, strike!* There is no punishment that I am not ready to suffer, to satisfy the hatred of those who can only be satiated by the sight of the most cruel torments. But, before I die, may I at least be permitted, O princes, to fall at your feet, to embrace your knees, to address to you the petition of a humble servant of Christ, who beseeches you, even with tears, not to betray the cause of the Redeemer, of him who died for you, who is risen again, and who is now seated on the right hand of the Father! If God has raised you to dignities above other men, is it not that you may restore the authority of his Word, the majesty of his commandments, and the purity of his church, which has been disfigured for so many centuries?" . .

This page, on which was so warmly expressed a presentiment, almost a desire for martyrdom, formed the conclusion of the treatise which Paleario had long before prepared to be presented to the Emperor, in the free and universal council, the dream of all his life. Several

* "Accede lictor, colliga manus, caput obnubito; ipsum me cruciatibus et pontificum iræ offero."—*Actio*, p. 437.

copies, written by his own hand, had been transmitted to the theologians of Germany and Switzerland, as a deposit reserved for the great day. "Only desirous," wrote he to them, "to make use of the talent that God has given me, and to devote it to his glory, I commend this manuscript to your care, that it may be produced at the right time, in the assembly of the princes and learned men of all nations. . . . There will be found in it, I hope, nothing impious or contrary to true religion. Each testimony is confirmed by a quotation from Scripture, illustrated by the revelations of the Holy Spirit, supported by the authority of the most eminent interpreters. To avoid all scandal, I have not touched on the particular points which are still a subject of controversy between the reformed churches. Let each one be free to keep his own opinion in these respects, till all shall be again united in a single body. May God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, hasten the day of this glorious unity!"* This day has not yet come for the churches of the Reformation, whose variations attest their vitality. Will it ever come? Under the deceitful veil of Papal uniformity were hidden divisions more important, perhaps, than those which separated the reformers. The Council of Trent ably managed to disguise

* Letter to Theodore Zwinger, 9th September, 1566.—MS. at Bâle.

them. In the absence of every free voice, no protest could be raised within its bosom, and the noble treatise of Paleario, withheld by the prudence of his friends, troubled not the quiet of the fathers, who flattered themselves that they had re-constituted unity by concealments, and had reformed the church by pronouncing an anathema against the reformers.

This anathema must have sounded mournfully to the heart of Paleario, and to those who had hoped, like him, for better days for their country. All illusion was from that moment impossible. To fly, or courageously to await persecution, were the only alternatives offered to the followers of the gospel. The emigration, which had been interrupted for a moment, recommenced on a larger scale. Every city of the Peninsula saw some of her sons depart, often the very best. Messina, Palermo, Naples, Rome, and Florence, each furnished their contingent to the band of exiles. A brother of the Doge, Andrea da Ponte, quitted Venice to profess the true faith in Switzerland. The most illustrious literary man in Modena, Luigi di Castelvetro, being proscribed by the Holy Office, left his country to die in a city of the Grisons. Lælius Socinus died in obscurity at Zurich. The Marquis of Vico, a nephew of Paul IV., had long ago torn himself from the embraces of his family, and the temptations of a bril-

liant life at Naples, to retire into free and proud poverty at Geneva. In less than half a century this Calvinist city received more than three hundred Italian families. Of these, twenty-seven belonged to the republic of Lucca alone.* In the greatest secrecy, disguised as foreign merchants, these voluntary exiles took the road to the north. Nobles or citizens, women, children, and old men, little accustomed to the fatigues of a long march, cheerfully endured the dangers and sufferings of the journey. When a sigh or a word of regret betrayed a moment of weakness, the head of the family, taking a copy of the holy book, read these words of Christ:—"Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life;" and at these words the exile hesitated no more.†

Paleario had but one step to take, and the inviolable

* The emigration from Lucca took place at several different periods. It was during the second, from 1560 to 1570, that the family Calandrini left the city. They numbered among their ancestors the illustrious Pope Nicolas V.

† Letter from Burlamachi to Cardinal Spinola, quoted by Gaberel, *Histoire de l'Eglise de Geneve*, vol. i. p. 485.

asylum of the Alps was open to him. Notwithstanding the imminence of the danger, and the solicitations of the numerous friends who had preceded him at Geneva or at Bâle, he never thought of leaving Milan. He had reached his sixty-second year, and, whatever might be the future, he looked forward to a speedy close to his sufferings. Higher than the earth, beyond the visible country which he had so much loved, the horizon of a better land was opening to his view. "I am old," wrote he to Theodore Zwinger, "I think of my speedy departure, and I strive to do all to please Christ, to whom I have devoted myself from my youth." * This renunciation of life, this pious desire for death, appears in a touching manner in a letter addressed to Basil Amerbach, one of his pupils, who was suffering at the time from a three-fold domestic sorrow, and mourning at once for his father, his beloved wife, and an infant child.† "It is in the passion of Christ, contemplated by faith, and in the examples of the saints, that we find consolations worthy of the name. Besides, what are our griefs of a day, when compared with the sufferings of 'the Man

* "Sum grandis natu, mi Theodore, cogito de profectione ad Christum, omnia paro ut illi placeam cui me devovi a juventute."

. . .—September, 1566, MS. at Bâle.

† "O Basili! quid ego audio? Telis te omnibus unum Fortunæ expositum tria vulnera tanta tulisse."

—MS. at Bâle.

of sorrows,' of Him who, for the redemption of mankind, endured the voluntary agony of the cross? Are we called to walk in the path of sorrow? He has trodden it before us. He has come, the chief Shepherd of the nations, and has obtained the victory over all our enemies. Through the flames of the stake, beyond the cruel death by stoning, and past the apparatus of torture, he points to us the way to heaven. . . . Why, then, complain of the trials which are sent us, and mourn over our fate, when we know, by bitter experience, that all is changing, all passing away around us? O Death, heavenly liberator, shall we hesitate to welcome thee, when thou approachest to break the last bond that keeps us in a land of exile? " *

The same sentiments, more restrained in their expression, are found in one of the last letters of Paleario. It is addressed to Vespasian Gonzaga, Duke of Sabioneta, on the occasion of the death of his wife, Anne of Arragon, one of the most accomplished women of her time. "Her origin was doubly illustrious, both from the nobility of her mother's family, and the royal blood of Arragon which flowed in her veins. To this she added all the graces of heroic virtue, which she dis-

* "Et dubitamus adhuc venienti tendere dextram

Et te complecti, Mors, O placidissima rerum!" . . .

—MS. at Bâle.

played during her life, and especially during the sufferings of her long illness. . . . Feeling her last hour approach, she ceased not to call on the name of Christ. By faith contemplating the Redeemer, her soul appeared concentrated in a last look, in which the felicities of heaven were revealed. Shortly after she fainted and expired. Pardon, O noble Vespasian, this language, more suitable to our weakness than to the holy revelations of the faith. This soul, adorned with so many virtues, which, in a pious ecstasy, tasted by anticipation of eternal joy, is not extinct, but separated from every perishable element ; she lives with a new life, she comprehends, adores, and participates in all the privileges of the celestial intelligences, awaiting the day when the body itself shall rise again to die no more. Why, then, shouldst thou afflict thyself as those who have no hope? Do we weep for the setting sun when we know that it will reappear in the morning?""*

He who could thus depict a Christian death, was worthy of showing by his example how a Christian ought to die. But it was not amid his own people, and within the family circle which he had so warmly loved, that Paleario was to breathe out his last sigh. When

* " *Ac si quis vespere solem occidentem lugeat quem certo sciat mane rediturum.*"—Letter without a date, 1567, MS. Bandini.

first accused of heresy, and brought before the magistrates of Siena, he had pronounced these words, which seem a prediction of his destiny:—"The time in which we live is not one when a Christian can die quietly in his bed!" These words are like the lightning which flashes on the distant horizon; how can we forget them at the moment of retracing the last conflict of Paleario?

CHAPTER VII.

THE MARTYRDOM OF AONIO PALEARIO.

ON the 9th of December, 1565, Pius IV. died in the arms of his nephews, Carlo Borromeo and Filippo Neri, whom the Romish church has enrolled in the list of saints. A month afterwards, on the 8th of January, 1566, the conclave elected in his place an old Dominican monk, known for the severity of his doctrines and the austerity of his life : this was Pius V. No man could better represent the concentrated spirit of Romanism, in the struggle to the death against heresy, into which the Council of Trent had caused it to enter. Successively a preacher of his order, Inquisitor, Bishop, and Cardinal, Michele Ghislieri had in each office displayed the most intolerant and ferocious zeal. Paul IV., who knew mankind well, and who esteemed those only who were like himself, was accustomed to say, that Fra Michele was a great servant of God, reserved for high destinies. After the election, the admirers of Caraffa, the partisans of severe discipline, wrote to their friends :

"Come to Rome ; God has restored to life Pope Paul IV."*

Pius V. merited this eulogy, and his religion, without charity, but not without greatness, was a singular mixture of monastic humility, sacerdotal pride, and fervour carried to the length of the most violent fanaticism. There were two men united in him, the inquisitor and the saint ; and the virtue of the second only added to the severity of the first. Unskilful in affairs of state, he did not the less claim absolute empire, both in temporal and spiritual things. "His Holiness," says the Venetian Soriano, "is of grave aspect, of stature below the average, thin, but nervous and robust. He has an aquiline nose, the sign of a proud and domineering spirit ; his complexion is bright, and his white hair inspires veneration. Of a hasty and passionate disposition, the blood rushes to his face at the smallest cause of displeasure."† The people of Rome, who had dragged the statue of Paul IV. in the mud, and had but little regretted his successor, entertained for Pius V. a mingled feeling of respect and fear. The crowd were touched when they saw the austere pontiff advance in the processions, with naked feet, bare head, and eyes raised to heaven with an expression of the most ardent

* Ranke, *History of the Popes*.

† Baschet, *La Diplomatie Venitienne*, p. 193.

piety. "Never," said they, "had such an exemplary pope reigned over the church." Some affirmed that even a single look had sufficed to convert the most hardened heretics. Unfortunately, it was to other means that the new pope had recourse to restore the unity of the church. The noble maxims of the Chancellor L'Hôpital on toleration, which seem an echo of the words of Christ, and would have been well placed in the mouth of him who professed to be his vicar, were not suited to Pius V. Impartial history, which regards neither complacent apologies nor official canonizations, and which raises, one after another, all the veils under which truth is concealed, exhibits Pius V. plotting with Philip II. the assassination of Elizabeth, glorying in the massacres of the Low Countries, and constantly exciting in the court of France the deadly spirit which produced St. Bartholomew.* Although he did not live to witness it, he was not the less its most constant and most pitiless promoter.

The pontiff, who extolled murder and extermination abroad, who considered mercy to heretics as an offence

* As to the first point, there is scarcely any doubt, after the revelations in the *Archives of Simancas* (Mignet, *Histoire de Marie Stuart*, vol. ii. p. 160). With respect to the two others, only too many proofs exist in the *Lettres de Pie V. sur les Affaires Religieuses de son Temps*, published by Potter, in 8vo., Paris, 1846.

against God himself, was incapable of an act of mildness or of pardon within his own States. "It was remarked," says Leopold Ranke, "that he never commuted a criminal sentence." It was not sufficient for him that the Inquisition should punish recent crimes; he gave orders to search out those which had been committed ten or twenty years previously. Did there exist a city where there had been but a small number of punishments pronounced, he attributed this result, not to the purity of sentiments, but to the negligence of the inquisitors. Contemporary writers present to us the most gloomy picture of Italy at this period. For five years, between 1566 and 1571, the most cruel persecution was carried on within the States of the church. The seat of a celebrated university, the city of Bologna, contained many adherents of the truth. They endured the utmost severity. "All ranks," writes Tobias Eglinus, "are mingled together, without distinction, in the same prisons, in the same tortures, in the same kind of death."* We read in a letter of Camerarius, "Three persons have been burned alive lately in that city, and two brothers of the noble family of the Ercolani, having been arrested on suspicion of heresy, have been sent bound to Rome."†

* Letter of the 29th December, 1567.—De Porta, *Hist. Eccl. Rheticarum*, vol. ii. p. 460.

† McCrie, *The Reformation in Italy*, p. 272.

It is in the capital of the church that the activity of the Holy Office and the zeal of its executioners are chiefly displayed. "In this seat of the Papacy some are every day hanged, burned, or beheaded, for the sake of religion. All the prisons and all the houses of detention are filled to overflowing. They are obliged to build new ones. This immense city has not dungeons enough to contain the crowds of pious persons who are continually being arrested. A distinguished personage, formerly ambassador to the Duke of Tuscany,* has been delivered to the flames; and two men, still more distinguished, the Baron Bernardo di Angola, and the Count Petiliano, who is a brave Roman, have been imprisoned. After a long resistance, they have at length consented to retract, on the promise that they should be restored to liberty. But what happened? The first has been condemned to a fine of eight thousand crowns, and perpetual imprisonment; the second to pay a thousand crowns, and to end his days in a Jesuit convent. Thus, by their sad apostasy, they have condemned themselves to a life more insupportable than death."† Not content with acts of rigour exercised within the domain of St. Peter, Pius V. stimulated by his letters the persecuting zeal of the princes

* Carnesecchi, who will be afterwards mentioned.

† Letter from Eglinus to Bullinger, 2nd March, 1568.—De Porta, *Hist. Eccl. Rheticarum*, vol. ii. p. 486.

of Italy, who were vassals of the Holy See. Anxious to merit his favour, Alphonso II., Duke of Ferrara (a son of the noble Renée, in whom toleration had been so brilliantly personified), was present, surrounded by the ladies of his court, and with a smile upon his lips at more than one *auto da fé* worthy of Spain!

A trial, which caused great noise, fitly inaugurated the pontificate of Pius V. Among the men of letters who had most favourably received the ideas of reform in Italy, the protonotary Pietro Carnesecchi was distinguished. Born in Tuscany, as were Ochino and Martyr, all-powerful minister at Rome under the pontificate of Clement VII., he had lived at Naples in intimate friendship with Valdes, during the prosperous years of the evangelical apostolate, interrupted by the Inquisition. Becoming then suspected at the court of Rome, he went to France, where Catherine de Medicis and Henry II. received him with honour, and were much charmed with his talents. On his return to Italy, in 1552, he was persecuted by Paul IV., and laid under a sentence of excommunication, from which Pius IV. relieved him. He then settled at Florence, under the protection of Duke Cosmo II., who summoned him to his councils, and admitted him to his table on the most intimate and friendly terms. So much favour did not dazzle Carnesecchi. As if he had foreseen the fate which

awaited him, he thought of quitting Tuscany, and seeking an asylum at Geneva. But Pius V. did not give him time. As soon as he ascended the throne the eye of the old inquisitor was fixed on Florence, and on the man whose absolution was an offence to the Holy Office. The Pope's master of the palace went to demand the extradition of Carnesecchi. When Cosmo received this message, he was seated at table with the very man whom he was commanded to deliver up. He gave orders to arrest him immediately, in contempt of the laws of hospitality, and thus delivered him to his executioners. Carnesecchi was conveyed to Rome, where his trial, begun without delay, ended in a sentence of capital punishment. Yielding to a feeling of pity, perhaps of remorse, Cosmo charged his ambassador to solicit the pardon of the condemned prisoner. In the despatches of Averardo Serristori we find an account of his proceedings with the cardinals, and his entreaties to the Pope, in order to obtain a commutation of the punishment. The following was the sullen reply of Pius V.:—
“If I had in my power a man who had been ten times a murderer, I would not hesitate to pardon him at your master's request. I can do nothing for Carnesecchi. His fate is in the hands of the inquisitors.”* After

* The original text ought here to be given. “Sua Santità mi disse ch'io credessi che se Ella avesse in mano uno

having endured the torture, and refused to retract, Carnesecchi was brought out of his prison on the 1st of October, 1567, and ascended the scaffold prepared on the bridge of St. Angelo. In consideration of his rank he was first beheaded, and his body then cast into the flames."

The fate of Carnesecchi was a warning to Paleario. He found others, not less significant, on the frontiers of the diocese of Milan, then governed with redoubled vigilance by Carlo Borromeo. On the confines of Lombardy, in the regions near Lake Como and Lake Maggiore, rise the pastoral republics of the Grisons, placed under the protection of Switzerland. There free churches had been early formed at Chiavenna, Baveno, and Sondrio, the pastors of which, chiefly refugees, found on this slope of the Alps a home somewhat resembling the country which they had lost. Rome could not regard with indifference these evangelical congregations, whose light shone far beyond the limits of their territories. In order to stifle an alarming proselytism, every means seemed lawful. The foreign merchants, whom the necessities of commerce brought every year into the

che avesse morto (*sic*) dieci homini, non mancherebbe di darglielo e concederglielo, mà che del Carnesecchi non ne poteva dir l'esito particolare, sendo il giudizio in mano di questi signori cardinali."—*Legazioni di Averardo Serristori, Ambasciatore di Cosimo.* 8vo., Florence, 1853, p. 436.

Milanese, were subjected to the most vexatious treatment, were imprisoned, and condemned to the galleys as heretics. The Inquisition did not even shrink from an attempt unheard of among civilized nations: brigands, in the pay of the inquisitors, were dispersed through the Valteline, acting as spies on travellers, kidnapping the suspected, and delivering them to the inquisitor at Milan. Thus was seized Francesco Cellario, minister of Morbegno, formerly a monk of Pavia. He was returning from a voyage in the Upper Engadin, and had scarcely left Chiavenna, when the bandits, rushing out of a neighbouring wood, seized him by force, and, dragging him into a boat, conveyed him to Como, whence he was immediately transferred to Milan. The protestations of the Grisons were in vain. The Governor, Don Albuquerque de la Cueva, replied that he had no power over the Holy Office, and that besides the Pope had an absolute right to seize heretics in any part of the world. Cellario languished in prison for a year; then, taken to Rome, he was condemned to be burned alive as an apostate monk. After he was bound to the fatal stake, they unloosed him, in order to subject him to less rigorous treatment if he would consent to confess. On his refusal, he was led back to the stake, and expired courageously in the flames, on the 20th of March, 1569. Another champion of the reformed faith, Bartolomeo Bartocci, perished by the

same death in the course of the same year. When in the midst of the flames, and when his body was partly consumed, he exclaimed, "Victory! Victory!"*

Paleario was not less the object of the resentment of the papacy than these obscure or illustrious victims. The reigning pontiff belonged to the order of the Dominicans, whose enmity Aonio had incurred twenty-five years previously. He was one of the fraternity of the Holy Office, whose sentences Paleario had dared to compare to a dagger raised over every good man. The author of the *Beneficio*, the eloquent orator of Siena, the professor of Milan, suspected on so many accounts of heterodoxy, could not find grace in the eyes of the inquisitor Ghislieri, now Pope Pius V. If the protection of the Medici, and the sacred rights of hospitality had not been able to save Carnesecchi from death, what prince and what magistrates would be bold enough to undertake the defence of Paleario? His celebrity and his talents were only an additional reason for persecuting him. A short respite was afforded him by the serious disputes which followed the return of Cardinal Borromeo into his diocese, and the conflicts of jurisdiction to which the application of the decrees of the

* Laderchi, *Annales Ecclesiastici*, vol. xxiii. p. 198. De Porta, *Hist. Eccl. Rheticarum*, vol. ii. p. 464. *Histoire des Martyrs*, pp. 757, 758.

Council of Trent gave rise in the Milanese then subject to the jealous authority of Philip II. But for this Paleario would not have been permitted the repose which was granted him during the first two years of the pontificate of Pius V.—a time of quiet meditation and of preparation for the last conflict.

The occasion of the first prosecution directed against him in Milan, was the publication of his letters and speeches, printed at Bâle, by Thomas Guarini, in the year 1566. On the title page were these important words: "Edition revised by the Author." No more was needed to cause the inquisitor, Fra Angelo, of Cremona, to bring an action against Paleario for heresy, the importance of which was increased by the rigour of the time.* The accused did not deceive himself as to its consequence, as is attested by the last words of his letter to Guarini: "The blow is struck! Live free and happy, leaving to their sad fate those who, on the smallest pretext, are here the victims of nameless vexations, and can only long for death!"†

The deepest obscurity covers the first steps of the prosecution begun at Milan, but its very length proves

* "*Data fuit occasio inquisitori relegendi libellos et calumniandi.*"—Thomæ Guarino (1567), MS. at Bâle.

† "*Plaga accepta est. . . Vos isthic beati, nos hic miseri quibus, ob levissimas causas, tantum negotii est ut nos tædeat vitæ.*"—MS. at Bâle.

that the Milanese magistrates were not insensible to the fate which threatened their most illustrious professor, and that they perhaps attempted to save him. "A year has passed away," wrote Paleario, "since the reverend father inquisitor raised an accusation against me, which fills up the measure of the evils that I have had to suffer during a life too much prolonged. It is almost incredible that these furious men should conspire to ruin me because of a speech that I pronounced in my defence more than twenty-five years ago. In order to reply to their imputations, I am obliged to leave, with much regret, the youth of this city, to whose instruction you called me by letters signed with the royal seal."* At the moment when Paleario thus expressed himself, the prosecution against him had undergone a change. A letter from the Cardinal of Pisa, the grand inquisitor, transferred the affair to Rome, and summoned him to appear there, and defend himself before the tribunal of the Holy Office. He held himself in readiness to set out, after having implored for his family the protection of the senate, whose favour he had so long experienced. "Notwithstanding my advanced age, and my failing health, I do not hesitate, my lords, to undertake this long journey. I have but one regret, and that is that I cannot fulfil the duties of my charge to the end of the

* Lazeri, *Miscellanea*, vol. ii. p. 183.

year." He affected to believe in the possibility of an acquittal, doubtless on account of the interests of his children, which were exposed to serious consequences in case of his condemnation for heresy. Notwithstanding this, he arranged all his affairs, as a man would do who was going away without hope of return. Although his lessons were interrupted, he solicited the payment of all his salary: "Thus," said he, "I shall more easily obey the injunctions of the inquisitor, under whose power I am now placed. Your liberality will be an additional testimony of your kindness to me, and a monument of the benevolence of our sovereign. May God, the King of kings, prolong his days and bless his reign."*

Paleario had now nothing to do but to bid an adieu to his own family, in which were concentrated the sufferings of a last farewell. What he felt in these circumstances he has, so to say, himself described in one of those moments when a man who consecrates himself to a great cause foresees the storms of his destiny, and mourns prospectively over the joys and affections of home. "When I left my dwelling with the purpose of at length lifting up a free and Christian testimony, I was not ignorant of

* "Etsi ætate confectus et infirmissima valetudine, tam longum iter aggredi non horreo," etc.—Lazeri, *Miscellanea*, vol. ii. p. 180.

the perils and trials to which I was about to expose myself. The menaces of those pontifical anathemas which I was compelled to endure, in order to bear testimony to the truth, were, indeed, no light thing ; for there is no peace possible between Christ and the Pope. I could not deny Christ, whose word is graven in the very depths of my heart ; yet to attack the Roman pontiff was to draw upon myself the rigour of the most implacable government that ever existed. I could look back, in the course of ages, on the horrible treatment inflicted on all who refused to prostrate themselves at its feet ; kings and emperors bathed in blood ; cities devoted to execration ; entire nations numbered among the wicked, and cut off, so to speak, from the surface of the earth. If none, said I, whatever may be his rank or his virtue, has been able to believe himself secure from the fury of the Roman pontiffs, what can a man hope for who, destitute of all support, poor and obscure, dares to brave their resentment ? The most melancholy pictures then presented themselves before my eyes. I saw myself alone, without other support than the Lord Jesus Christ, for whom I have always lived—stripped of all which attracts the consideration of men—disowned by illustrious friends, from whom I have received only benefits, and not one injury. I lost in one day the advantages gained by years of labour ; not only the

fields which provided me with food, but also my relations, my friends, my cherished wife, my tenderly-beloved children. I must become an exile from Italy, and take refuge in unknown countries, unless I preferred to die in the dungeon or at the stake. Ah! be not astonished if, at the hour of my departure, unable to conceal these melancholy prospects from those whom I love, and commending them to the pity of some friend, I have left my household plunged in mourning and tears.”* Before taking leave of his family, Paleario had provided, as well as he could, for the sad necessities of the future. It was to a much-loved home that Marietta and her children were to retire; it was at Colle that they were to await tidings from the husband and father who was never restored to them!. Paleario could then quit Milan and travel to Rome, guarded by the agents of the inquisitor. It was a melancholy journey, of which we know not the details, but of which it is easy to foresee the result; this was in 1568. Paleario approached his sixty-sixth year; half a century had passed away since, leaving for the first time Veroli, his native place, he had entered, sanguine and free, the capital of Christendom, then resplendent with magnificence, under the pontificate of Leo X. Even then,

* “Nolite quærere quam omnia domi reliquerim dolorum et lachrymarum plena.”—*Opera*, pp. 247, 249.

it is true, there appeared on the horizon the signs of the storm which was soon to burst over the church, to detach one half of Europe from the throne of St. Peter, and to sow in the Peninsula the seeds of disaffection and of schism, pitilessly suppressed by the Holy Office. Of the reformed Italians, some had fled to foreign lands, others, accepting the ordeal of persecution, had awaited the hour of the great sacrifice, by which, sooner or later, they must seal their faith. Paleario was of the latter number. Bending under the weight of years, and accused of a capital crime, he returned a prisoner to the city where the most brilliant years of his youth had passed, but where he was now forgotten. Time, in its inflexible progress, had mown down many generations. Death had successively struck Filonardi, Bembo, Sadoletto, and Flaminio—"noble spirits left for a short time on earth, but now taken to heaven."* Maffei himself, taken away in his turn, could not give to his friend even the support of a voice respected, but utterly powerless, under the inexorable pontiff who directed the government of the church. In this absolute isolation, when all seemed to have conspired against him, or to be indifferent to his fate—when no friendly hand pressed

* "Amicis nostris, Sadoletto, Bembo, Flaminio, *πρὶν ποτὲ μεθ' ἡμέων, νῦν μὲν θεῶν ἐν γούνασι.*"—Letter to Vettori, 1556, MS. at Bâle.

his—Paleario raised his eyes above the world, to the mysterious regions to which prayer ascends, and from which help descends. “He endured, as seeing Him who is invisible.”

Courage was more necessary to him than ever in the ordeal of the captivity which he endured, when he found himself associated with the vilest criminals. There were three prisons in Rome, besides those of the Castle of St. Angelo and of the Capitol. The first, situated on the right bank of the Tiber, in the *Borgo*, and specially reserved for the prisoners of the Holy Office, was that in which Paul IV. had himself installed the dismal apparatus of the Inquisition, and had said to tortures and punishments, “You shall be my servants;” and which, by a just reprisal, the people in a fury demolished at his death. Rebuilt by his successors, it saddened with its shadow the Leonine city. The second prison was built in the ancient Campo di Marzio; this was the *Torre Savella*, communicating with the criminal tribunal, which there held its assizes. The third, and most dreaded prison, was that of the *Tordinona*, on the site of which now stands the theatre of Apollo, on the banks of the Tiber. The river—here imprisoned within narrow banks, which are united by the bridge of St. Angelo, and commanded by the gloomy mausoleum of Adrian—flows on a level with the damp

dungeons, hollowed in the depths of the earth, a living tomb, which has more than once deprived the scaffold of its victims. This was the prison of Paleario.

Each of these prisons kept the remembrance, and, as it were, the luminous trace of some martyr who had joyfully sacrificed himself for the cause of the gospel in Italy. The dungeons of the Leonine city had witnessed the ecstasies and raptures of Pomponio Algieri, preparing for death as for a festival. A native of Nola, in the kingdom of Naples, and a student in the University of Padua, he had embraced the Reformation with the fervour of youthful enthusiasm. Delivered up to Pope Paul IV. by the senate of Venice, who vainly attempted to save him, and condemned to the stake at the age of thirty-three, he thus wrote to his friends at Padua:—
“I have found honey in the mouth of the lion; an agreeable retreat in a frightful precipice; glorious prospects of life in the abode of death; joy and peace in an abyss of hell. The prison is bitter to the criminal, but sweet to the innocent. It distils the dew, and gives in abundance the milk which strengthens the soul. Nevertheless, pray for me. I salute, with a holy kiss, Silvio, Pergola, and Justo, my masters, as well as Fedele de Petra, and a person named Lelia, whom I know, though far from her. I also salute the syndic of the University, and all those whose names are written in the book of

life." Led to the stake in a court adjoining the castle of St. Angelo, he ascended it as if going up to an altar. His firmness amid the flames was a cause of astonishment, and almost of terror, to the cardinals who were present at the spectacle.*

The annals of the apostolic church, noble poems of faith and martyrdom, contain no story more touching than that of Luigi Pascali, the pastor of the Waldenses in Calabria, who were delivered up to the most frightful butchery under the pontificate of Pius IV. Pascali was dragged from prison to prison, transferred successively from Cosenza to Naples, and thence to Rome, and saw his friend, Stephano Negrino, die of hunger by his side. Throughout the horrors of this long captivity, Pascali displayed an almost superhuman courage, with a gentleness which could not soften his executioners. On hearing the tidings of his condemnation, his brother hastened from Coni, in Piedmont, his native place, to solicit a pardon. By his earnest entreaties he obtained leave to see the prisoner, in presence of a judge appointed for the purpose. "What a terrible spectacle! His head was bare, his arms and hands were bleeding from the cords by which he was bound, like a man about to be led to death. When I advanced to embrace

* Pantaléon, *Rerum in Ecclesia gestarum*, etc., part ii. Appendix, pp. 329, 332. Th. de Beza, *Icones*.

him, I fell powerless. 'My brother,' he said to me, 'if you are a Christian, why do you allow yourself to be thus cast down? Do you not know that not a single hair can fall from our heads without the will of God? Trust in Jesus Christ, and take courage. The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.' At these words, he was interrupted by the judge. 'Thou blasphemest!' exclaimed he, incapable of understanding the sublimity of this Christian magnanimity." The entreaties of Bartolomeo Pascali to obtain any relief for his brother were all in vain.

"These are the feelings of my heart," wrote the martyr before his last conflict. "My faith becomes stronger as the hour approaches when I am to be offered as a sacrifice of a sweet-smelling savour unto Christ. Yes, my joy is so lively, that I can fancy I see my fetters broken, and I would be ready to brave a thousand deaths, were that necessary, for the cause of truth!" All the ties which bound him to earth were now broken, but one. His soul was melted at the remembrance of his betrothed wife, Camilla Guarina, whom he was to see no more. "My love for you increases with my love to God. The more I have suffered, the more progress have I made in the Christian religion, and the more also have I loved you! . . . Console

yourself in Jesus Christ. May your life be a copy of his." Such were the feelings of the pastor of Saint Xiste before going to the convent of Minerva, there to hear his sentence pronounced, and to ascend the pile prepared in the Campo di Fiore. Pope Pius IV. and the cardinals were present at the execution, but their watchful eyes could not detect the slightest trace of dejection or weakness in the features of the Christian hero, who seemed, as it were, transfigured in death.*

A name would be wanting in the Roman martyrology, if we did not add that of a follower of Valdes, a learned professor in the University of Bologna, Mollio, of Montalcino. His condemnation preceded by several years those of Algieri and Pascali. Having been seized at Ravenna, under the pontificate of Julius III., and dragged before the Inquisition, he appeared on the 5th of September, 1553, before a solemn assembly, holding a torch in his hand, and followed by several of his pupils, who had accompanied him into prison, but whose constancy did not equal his. Having been asked to speak, Mollio defended himself with the boldness of a man regardless of all worldly interests. He openly confessed the doctrine of justification by faith alone, pronounced the mass to be idolatry, and called the power which the Pope and the cardinals arrogated to themselves by the

* *Histoire des Martyrs*, fol. 506 and following.

right name of usurpation. "You pretend," he said to them, "to be the successors of the apostles, and the heirs of Christ; and you thirst for the blood of the saints, you despise the word of God, and you persecute his ministers, as if there were no Avenger in heaven! . . . Ah! I appeal from your sentence, whatever it may be, to the tribunal of the Sovereign Judge of all, and I summon you to answer for it, at the last day, when your pompous titles and your proud ornaments will dazzle us no more than your tortures now terrify us. In witness of this, I return you what you have given me!" At these words he flung his burning torch on the ground, and extinguished it with his foot. The trembling cardinals condemned him to perish immediately, with those of his companions who would not disown his sentiments. Tisserano, of Padua, refused to separate his fate from that of Mollio. They were led together to the Campo di Fiore, and died with equal intrepidity at the stake.*

Paleario was not ignorant of these examples of faith and heroism carried even to contempt of death. He was thinking of them, perhaps, when he wrote at the beginning of the *Actio*, the following declaration: "If during the preceding years, while beholding the dismal scenes of torture and death, continually paraded before the eyes of Christians, we have lived in such a manner

* Gerdes, *Italia Reformata*, p. 104.

that we have not manifested our faith openly enough, perhaps we had this excuse, that our sacrifice could be of no use for the salvation of our brethren, and the edification of the Christian church. Now the hour is come !

. . . What should I fear, indeed ; and why should I dread to encounter the ignominy, the axe, and the stake, which threaten every faithful confessor of Jesus Christ ? It is time to show, after the example of so many holy men, not how we may live by making a compact with infidelity, but how we ought to die for the holy cause of the gospel. It remains for me to seal the truth with my blood. I then, Aonio Paleario, the servant of Jesus Christ, here bear a steadfast testimony, and I am ready to lay down my life for Christ, the author of my peace and my salvation !”*

Paleario adhered to these sentiments in his prison and before his judges, as he expressed them in his last letters at the hour of death. Scarcely had he reached Rome, when he might have foretold the fate to which he was destined, by his being put into the dungeon of *Tordinona*, where he was confined in the most rigorous secrecy. The procedure commenced against him at

* “Ego Aonius, servus Jesu Christi, firmissimum testimonium dico eâ lege ut, si necesse sit, mori non recusem pro eâ fide quam debeo Christo auctori pacis et salutis meæ.”—*Opera*, pp. 231, 232.

Milan, was resumed before the tribunal of the Holy Office, presided over by three cardinals, grand inquisitors of the faith. These were Scipione Reviva, Archbishop of Pisa, who had displayed the most furious zeal against Carnesecchi, Francesco Pacheco, Cardinal of Burgos, who exercised his functions with the inflexibility of a Spanish prelate, formed in the school of Torquemada; and, lastly, Cardinal Gambara, Bishop of Viterbo. The accused was subjected to numerous interrogatories, during which his constancy remained unshaken. We are entitled to affirm this, on the authority of the Romish annalist, to whom the archives of the Inquisition had no mystery. "There are," says he, "in the original process, many daring answers, which manifest a heretic, deserving the most rigorous punishment." This is a precious admission, for it attests the steadfast firmness of Paleario before his judges.*

The chief foundation of the accusation against him was the speech delivered at Siena, so much admired by Sadoletto. They found in it the eulogy of Ochino, an apology for the German reformers, and a virulent sally against the monks. They especially marked the passage in which the orator, magnifying the doctrine of grace, and proving that salvation proceeds from the

* "Plura sunt male prolata, quæque hæreticum omni animadversione plectendum perhibent."—Laderchi, *Annales Ecclesiastici*, vol. xxiii. p. 25.

pure mercy of God, satisfied by the atoning sacrifice of Christ, demonstrated that faith in the Redeemer is the sure foundation of Christian hope and the fruitful principle of a new life. By these doctrines we recognise the *Beneficio*. The wonderful success of this book, in which man is solemnly brought into the presence of God without any earthly intermediary, in which Christ is everywhere and the priest nowhere, formed one of the greatest grievances of the Inquisition against its author. After a minute inquiry, he was accused of denying the doctrine of purgatory and the efficacy of prayers for the dead, of turning into derision the monastic life, of attributing justification to the merits of Christ alone, to the exclusion of the works and practices recommended by the church. One of these doctrines alone would have been sufficient to cause the condemnation of Paleario ; united they made his death certain.

To say the truth, the question now for the accused was less to justify himself than to die ; thus rendering a last homage to the faith for which he had already endured so many conflicts. Standing before the terrible tribunal of the Inquisition, with no defence but his faith, his piety, and his deep knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, he openly confessed the doctrines which he had learned from them. Being pressed to retract, he replied, to the imperious demands of his judges, by the

following words, in which the weariness of the old man and the ardour of the martyr are touchingly contrasted:—
 “After all the testimonies that you have brought against me, what need is there, my lords, for longer disputes? I am determined to follow the counsel of the apostle, who says, ‘Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps: who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth: who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not: but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously.’ Pronounce, then, your sentence. Fulfil your office; and, by the condemnation of Aonio, overwhelm his enemies with joy.”* These noble and resigned words seem but a cry of rage to the historian who relates them—a sad aberration of party spirit, or rather a just punishment for the intolerance which knows no better than to outrage what merits universal respect!
 “When it was clearly seen,” adds Laderchi, “that this son of Belial was obstinately attached to his errors, and that he could not be brought back by any means to the light, they condemned him, as he deserved, to perish in the flames, that this momentary suffering might be followed by eternal punishment.”†

* “Condemnate Aonium, et satisfiat obtreptatoribus meis et officio vestro.”—Laderchi, *Annals Ecclesiastici*, v. xxiii. p. 25.

† *Ibid.*, p. 204.

The sentence, pronounced on the 15th October, 1569, was not carried into execution till the 3rd of July of the following year, as is attested by the registers of the fraternity of *San Giovanni Decollato*. This name was given to an association formed at Rome, which was specially charged with attending on the condemned at the hour of death. Men of every profession and of all ranks were received into this society; some devoted to the austerities of the cloister, others to the amusements of the age, but all leaving either business or pleasure at a moment's notice, to perform in secret an act of charity. Julio Romano, Michel Angelo, and Benvenuto Cellini, were members of this fraternity, the rules of which had been confirmed by Nicholas V. His successors gave them the privilege of delivering every year one prisoner condemned to death—a noble right, which, however, was never exercised in favour of any one condemned for heresy. The fraternity of *San Giovanni Decollato* still exists. They possess archives in which many mournful narratives are preserved. Their registers, kept with the regularity of a daily journal, from the fifteenth century, contain many long accounts of the last struggles of crime and of faith, of despair and of charity.* But on the 3rd of July, 1570, they had nothing to narrate save the unalterable serenity of the martyr! Having been

* L'Abbe Gerbet, *Rome Chretienne*, vol. ii. p. 376.

warned on the eve of this day that their services were required for one condemned by the Holy Office, and destined to die the next day, eight members of the fraternity presented themselves at the prison of *Tordinona*.* Having been admitted to the prisoner, they announced to him that he had but few hours to live. He received the tidings with joy. Without refusing the religious aid which was offered him, consolations always pleasant to the dying, he persevered in his sentiments. This was neither the hour to yield nor to dispute. On the threshold of eternity, a holy calm was diffused over his mind, and all controversy was superfluous. He asked only one favour—to be permitted to bid farewell to his family. This was not refused; and the faith of the Christian, united to the tenderest feelings of a husband and a father, were poured forth in his last letters to his wife and to his children.

“ MY DEAREST WIFE,

“ I would not have you to be sorrowful at my happiness, nor to take as evil what is my good. The hour is come when I am to pass from this life to my Lord and Father and God. I go there joyfully, as to the marriage of the Son

* Their names are known to us. A Dominican monk, Fra Alessandro, of the Minerva, and one of the Aldobrandini family, are mentioned in the fatal list preserved in the library of Siena.

of the great King. I have always entreated my Lord to grant me this favour in his mercy, and in his infinite goodness. Therefore, my beloved wife, let the will of God and my comfort sustain your courage. Devote yourself to the disconsolate family which survives me. Bring them up, and keep them in the fear of God, and be both father and mother to them. I am now an old man of seventy, and useless. My sons must strive to live honourably by virtue and by industry. May God the Father and our Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit be with you.

“Thy husband, AONIO PALEARIO,

“Rome, 3rd July, 1570.”

“To LAMPRIDIO and PHEDRO, my beloved Sons,

“These courteous gentlemen do not fail in their kindness to the last; and, in their goodness, they permit me to write to you. It has pleased God to call me to himself, in the way which you will hear, and which may appear hard and bitter to you. But if you consider well, and remember that it is my greatest pleasure to conform myself to the will of God, you also must submit. I leave you, for a patrimony, virtue and industry, with the little property which you have. . . . Bring up your young sister as God shall give you grace. Salute Aspasia and Aonilla, my beloved daughters in the Lord. My hour approaches. May the Spirit of God comfort you, and preserve you in his grace.

“Your father, AONIO PALEARIO.”

After having thus taken leave of all whom he loved on earth, Paleario was ready to die. With the eye of faith he saw, with increasing clearness, his merciful

Saviour waiting to receive him, on his entrance into another life, and the humble prayer of the Christian was turned into the ecstasy of the martyr. Who can fathom these mysterious glories !

The way was short from the prison to the bridge of S. Angelo, where the scaffold was erected. Paleario trod it with a firm step. He calmly contemplated the preparations for his death. When the first rays of the morning sun coloured the city and the Tiber, he expired on the scaffold. His body, still palpitating, was cast into the flames.*

Thus perished, by the same death as Savonarola, a man who felt no less keenly than he did the two great evils of his time—the decay of religion, and the corruption of manners. But whilst the eloquent Dominican, living in a cloister, sought in the monastic institution the ideal of a regenerated church, and of a society renewed by asceticism, Paleario, brought up in the schools, uniting the enthusiasm of a literary man of the Renaissance

* Is it necessary to add, that we consider as apocryphal the details of a pretended retractation of Paleario ? “ Il quale confesso e contrito domando perdono a Dio, e alla sua gloriosa madre Virgine Maria, e a tutta la corte del cielo, e disse voler morire da buon Cristiano, e *credere tutto quello che crede la santa Romana Chiesa.*” These are the words of the register of the fraternity of *S. Giovanni Decollato* ; but this statement is evidently wrong, as it is completely belied by the last letters of the martyr.—Lazeri, *Miscellanea*, vol. ii. p. 184.

to the fervour of the first Christians, sought in the apostolic age for the model of a free and holy church, having no law but the gospel, no Head but Jesus Christ. A reformation was necessary; he never wearied of invoking it. He hoped for it, in turn, from a council, representing the whole of Christendom, and from princes equally interested in repressing the abuses, and in limiting the power of the Papacy. His hopes were deceived. To his noble aspirations, to his pure dreams of Christian democracy and spiritual liberty, the Council of Trent replied by an anathema, the Holy Office by proscription. He did not attempt to escape from it. In a land sadly enslaved, with the Papacy triumphant, and the Inquisition dominant, he could not be a reformer; he was a witness, or, so to speak, a herald of Christ. He confessed him by his life, he glorified him by his death, which seems a page taken from the apostolic martyrology.

The fate of Paleario did not touch his contemporaries. No cry of sympathy or of pity responded to his sacrifice. He was but one victim the more in the immense hecatomb, immolated to Romanist unity by Philip II. and Pius V. The victory of Rome appeared secure. For three centuries Italy has known the much-vaunted benefits of religious absolutism consecrating political absolutism, and the silence of oppression which would resemble the peace of the tomb, if it were not some-

times interrupted by the whisper of a free soul. Better days are come at length, and the Reformation, so long proscribed, has obtained a legal right in the Peninsula. It is no stranger in the noble country, where the purest blood has flowed in its cause, and its followers may everywhere find traces of its ancient martyrs. Rome alone has maintained the old anathema. But the reign of intolerance is nearly at an end; the temporal pontificate is hopelessly condemned; and the hope of Paleario will be realized, when, from the summit of the capitol, the words spoken by a great Italian shall resound over the Eternal City :

LIBERA CHIESA IN LIBERO STATO !
A FREE CHURCH IN A FREE STATE !



